

LIGHTNING Battles That New Super Menace — THE MASTERMIND!

10¢



MAJOR

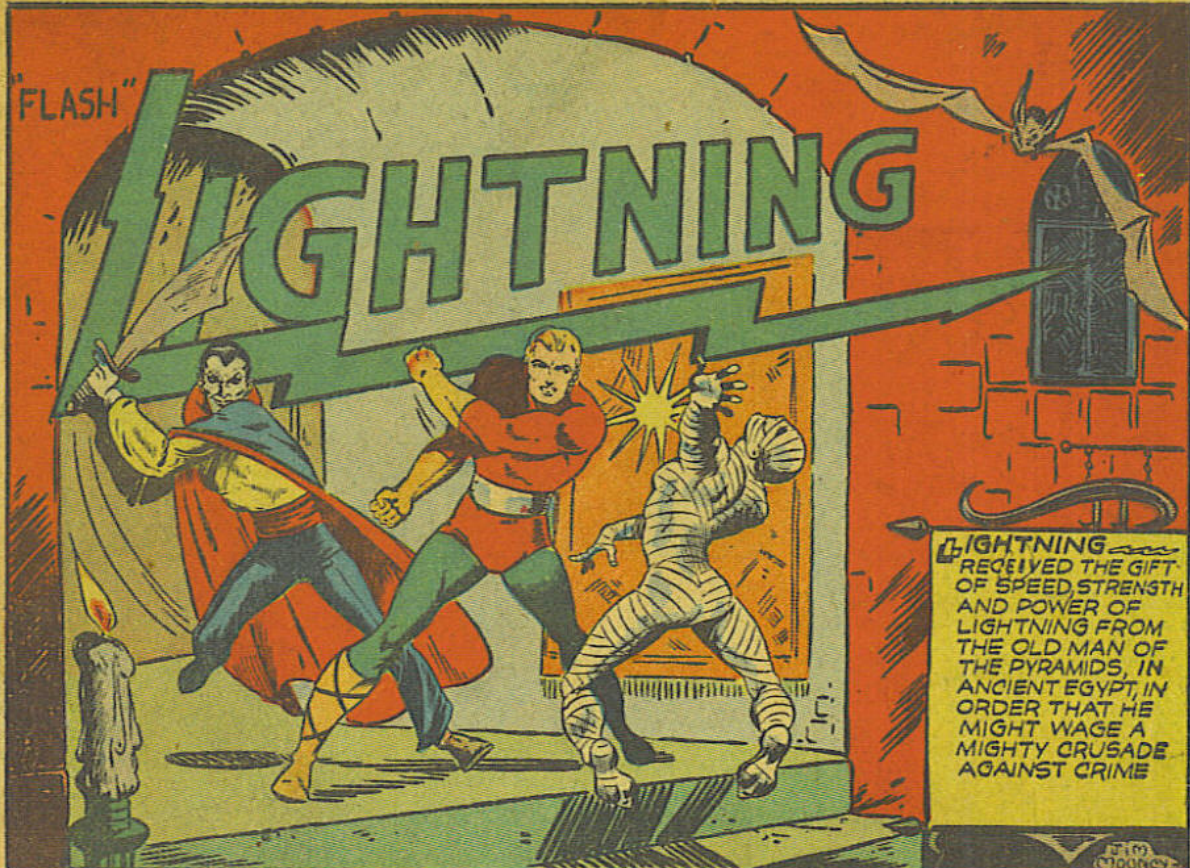
LIGHTNING

COMICS

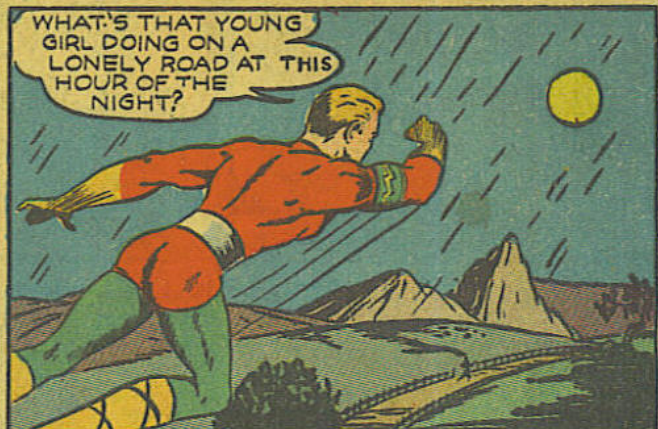


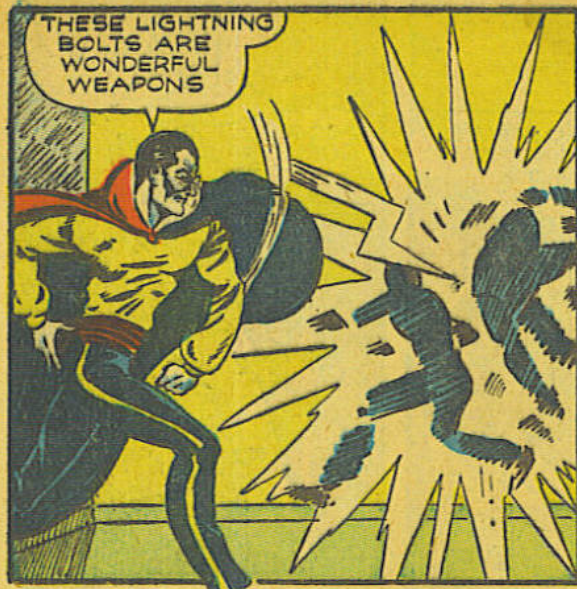


WEB COMIC
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ON A LONELY COUNTRY ROAD IN THE MOUNTAINS. . .





THESE LIGHTNING BOLTS ARE WONDERFUL WEAPONS



BY USING AN EXTRA POWERFUL BOLT I CAN DO THE SAME THING TO AN ENTIRE ARMY. GENTLEMEN, DO YOU RECONSIDER MY OFFER?

NEVER! NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO, YOU CAN'T INTIMIDATE UNCLE SAM



VERY WELL, I SHALL GIVE YOU MORE PROOF OF MY DESTRUCTIVE POWERS. I LEAVE YOU NOW, FOR AWHILE



HE'S GONE!

IT-IT'S IMPOSSIBLE. WE MUST ALL BE DREAMING!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, AT A SECRET DEN OF FOREIGN SPIES IN THE HEART OF THE CAPITOL...

NOW OUR PLANS ARE COMPLETE. IT WILL TAKE US A YEAR TO CARRY THEM OUT, BUT IT WILL BE WORTH IT

JUST THE SPOT FOR ME



MASTERMIND INTERRUPTS THE MEETING AND INTRODUCES HIMSELF. . . .

PROVE TO US THAT YOU CAN DO AS YOU SAY



I CAN CARRY OUT YOUR SABOTAGE PLANS IN ONE DAY, IF YOU'LL PAY ME \$1,000,000!

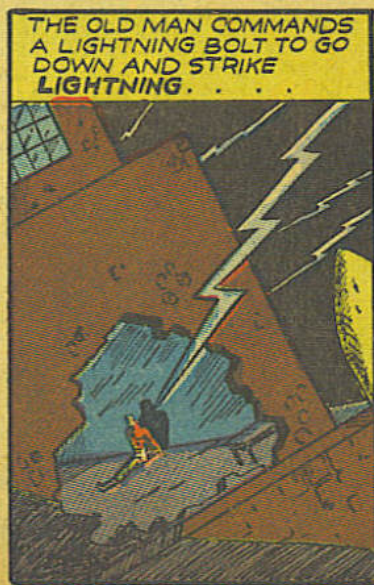
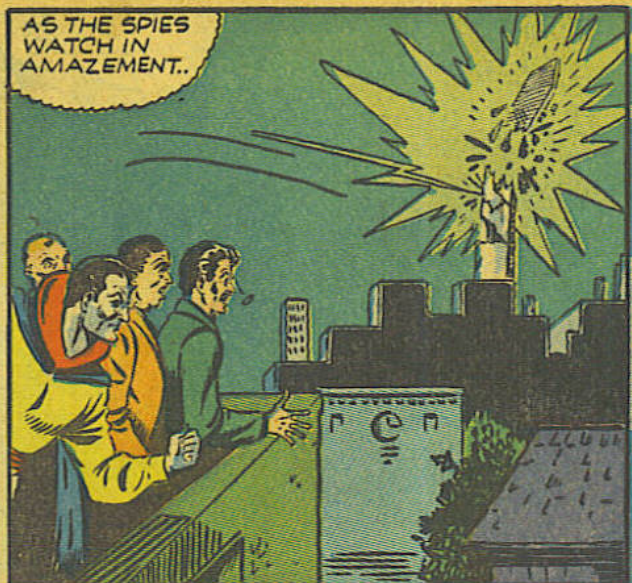
COME UP TO THE ROOF OF THIS BUILDING AND I WILL DEMONSTRATE MY POWERS



THE SECRET ELEVATOR CARRIES THEM TO THE ROOF, THEN. . . .

IF I DESTROY THAT WASHINGTON MONUMENT WITH A WAVE OF MY HAND, WILL YOU BELIEVE ME?

WHAT! OF COURSE, BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!



LIGHTNING FREES THE GIRL AND...

I'LL DROP YOU
OFF IN TOWN AND
THEN GET AFTER
MASTERMIND



NOW YOU'RE SAFE
FROM MASTER-
MIND!

YES AND
I'LL NEVER
GO BACK TO
THAT CASTLE
AGAIN. I'LL SELL
IT... GOODBYE,
LIGHTNING



**A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY LIGHT-
NING SEES...**

THE RESERVOIR DAM
HAS BURST! THAT'S
THE ONLY SOURCE OF
WATER SUPPLY
FOR THE CITY



SO THAT'S WHO
CAUSED IT,
MASTERMIND!

IT WAS SO
EASY! HA-HA!
ONE SWEEP OF
MY HAND AND
BOOM!



OHO, MY OLD FRIEND,
LIGHTNING. TRY AND
CATCH ME

DON'T WORRY,
I WILL

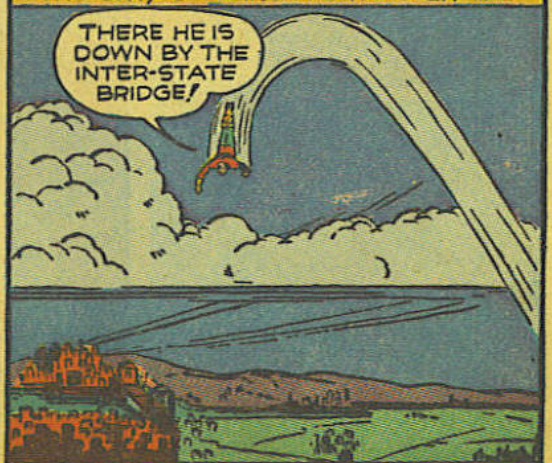


**AS LIGHTNING DIVES, MASTERMIND WAVES
HIS HAND AND...**



**THEN LIGHTNING ZOOMS MILES INTO
THE SKY, TO SEARCH FOR MASTERMIND**

THERE HE IS
DOWN BY THE
INTER-STATE
BRIDGE!

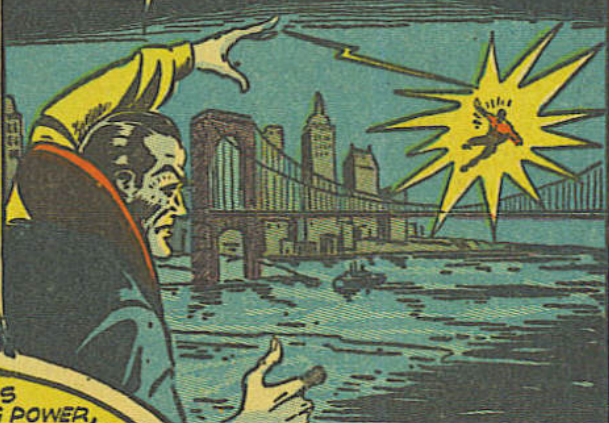


WITH THE SPEED OF ELECTRICITY, LIGHTNING RUSHES TOWARD THE HUGE INTERSTATE BRIDGE

HE'S HURLING A BOLT. I'VE GOT TO STOP IT



HE PUT HIMSELF IN THE WAY OF THE BOLT. BUT HE CAN'T STOP ME. I'LL TOSS ONE AT THE OTHER END



BUT THE MASTERMIND FINDS HIS ELECTRIC POWERS WANING

MY POWER IS WEAKENED, I'D BETTER GET BACK TO STORM MOUNTAIN AND RENEW IT



WITH HIS REMAINING POWER, MASTERMIND DISAPPEARS FROM THE SCENE

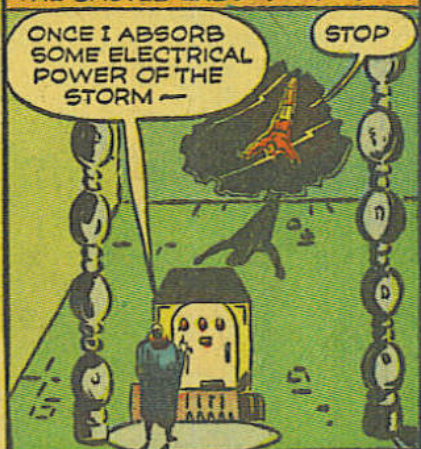
MAYBE I CAN CATCH HIM BACK AT THE CASTLE



A FEW MINUTES LATER BACK AT THE CASTLE LAB. . . .

ONCE I ABSORB SOME ELECTRICAL POWER OF THE STORM —

STOP



LIGHTNING QUICKLY GRABS THE MASTERMIND, THEN. . .

THIS LITTLE SPIN WILL STOP YOUR VILLAINY

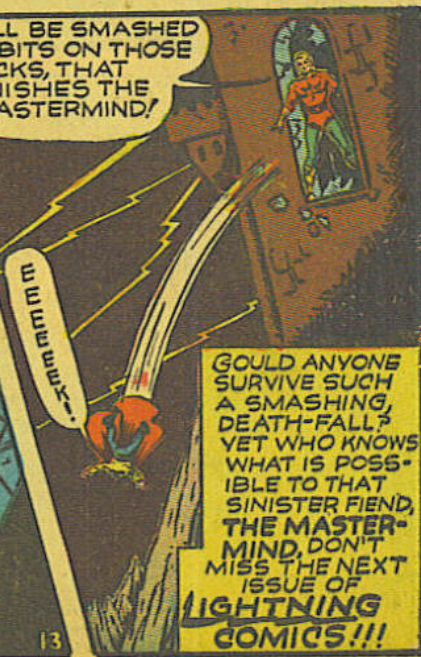


I FLUNG HIM TOO HARD, HE'S GOING THROUGH THAT WINDOW

HELP! I'LL BE KILLED



HE'LL BE SMASHED TO BITS ON THOSE ROCKS, THAT FINISHES THE MASTERMIND!



COULD ANYONE SURVIVE SUCH A SMASHING, DEATH-FALL? YET WHO KNOWS WHAT IS POSSIBLE TO THAT SINISTER FIEND, THE MASTERMIND, DON'T MISS THE NEXT ISSUE OF **LIGHTNING COMICS!!!**

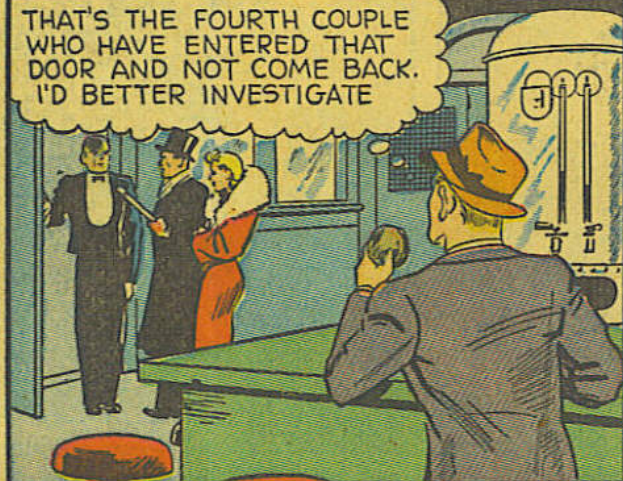
"the" Raven



LIKE AN AVENGING ANGEL, **THE RAVEN** SWOOPS DOWN UPON UNDERWORLD HAUNTS, STEALS THE ILL-GOTTEN WEALTH OF CRIME-KINGS, AND WITH THE AID OF HIS LOYAL ASSISTANT, MIKE, REDISTRIBUTES THE MONEY TO THE POOR AND NEEDY. NONE BUT MIKE AND **THE RAVEN'S** FIANCEE, LOLA LASH, DAUGHTER OF THE POLICE CHIEF, KNOW THAT **THE RAVEN** IS, IN REALITY, DETECTIVE SERGEANT DANNY DARTIN

LATE ONE NIGHT, WHILE OFF DUTY, DANNY DARTIN IS EATING IN A LUNCH WAGON -

THAT'S THE FOURTH COUPLE WHO HAVE ENTERED THAT DOOR AND NOT COME BACK. I'D BETTER INVESTIGATE



THIS GUY IS GOING TO STOP ME, BUT I'LL MAKE A TRY, ANYHOW



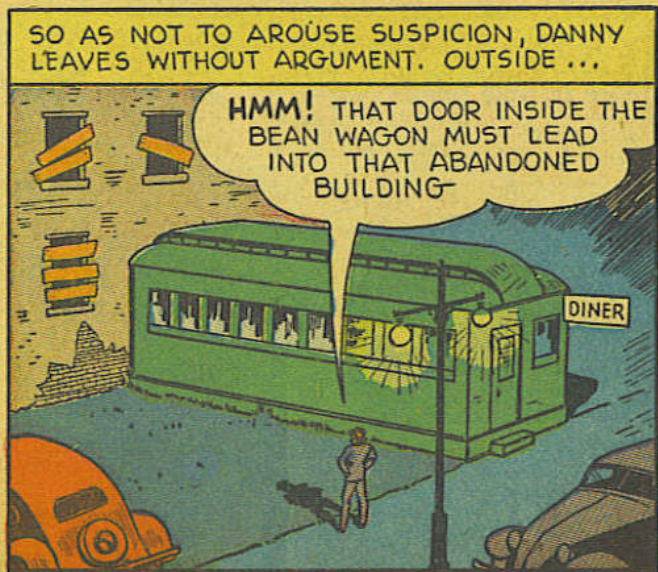
BUT I SAW OTHER PEOPLE GOING IN THERE

SORRY, BUD. THEY WERE -ER- FRIENDS OF THE MANAGEMENT



SO AS NOT TO AROUSE SUSPICION, DANNY LEAVES WITHOUT ARGUMENT. OUTSIDE ...

HMM! THAT DOOR INSIDE THE BEAN WAGON MUST LEAD INTO THAT ABANDONED BUILDING



PLACE IS ALL BOARDED UP BUT THERE MUST BE SOME WAY I CAN GET IN WITHOUT MAKING TOO MUCH COMMOTION



BACK OF THE BUILDING...

AH! - THIS IS THE SPOT



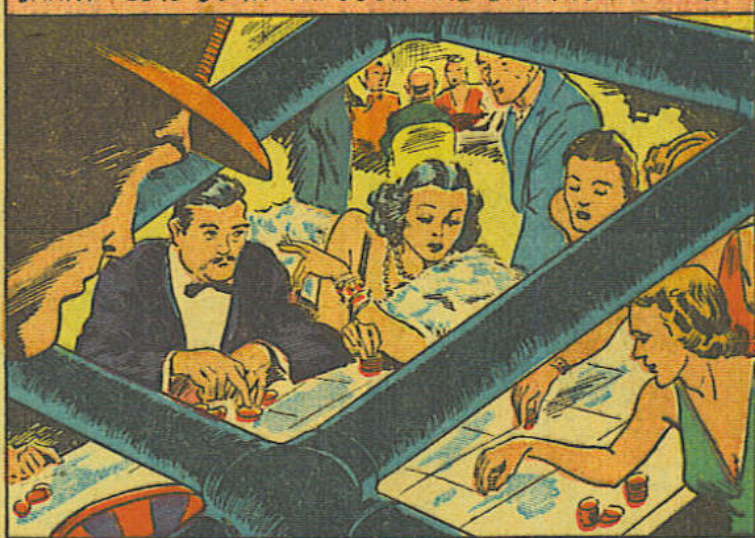
'CHUTE THE WORKS!



THERE'S A LIGHT COMING THROUGH THAT FLOOR GRATING



DANNY PEERS DOWN THROUGH THE GRATING AND SEES-



A BIG, SECRET GAMBLING DEN, WHAT A SPOT FOR THE RAVEN TO MAKE A LITTLE HAUL TO HELP FEED THE POOR AND HUNGRY



DANNY DARTIN PRODUCES THE COMPACT CASE WHICH HOLDS HIS RAVEN OUTFIT AND MAKES A QUICK CHANGE

NOW TO FIND A WAY TO GET DOWNSTAIRS



IN ANOTHER ROOM, THE RAVEN SPOTS AN OLD DUMBWAITER

THE SHAFT IS EMPTY, BUT I CAN SLIDE DOWN THE ROPES TO THE NEXT FLOOR





I DON'T WANT TO BARGE OUT INTO A ROOM FULL OF PEOPLE. BETTER OPEN THIS SLOWLY



WHAT THE RAVEN SEES...

THE OFFICE OF THE GAMBLING RING...

SEND ONE OF THE BOYS UP WITH THE MONEY



HERE'S THE DOUGH, CHIEF

GOOD!



A GOOD NIGHT! THE SUCKERS!

HMM!-

THAT WILL BUY A LOT OF FOOD AND WARM CLOTHES FOR THE POOR



THEN THE RAVEN NOTICES A STRANGE THING ABOUT THE MASKED MAN'S HAND



LOOKS LIKE THERE'S A FINGER MISSING FROM ONE OF THE MASKED MAN'S HANDS

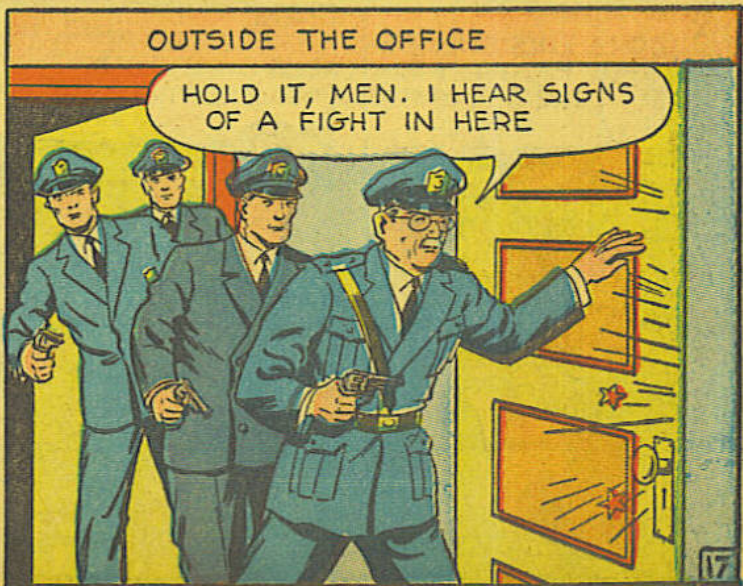


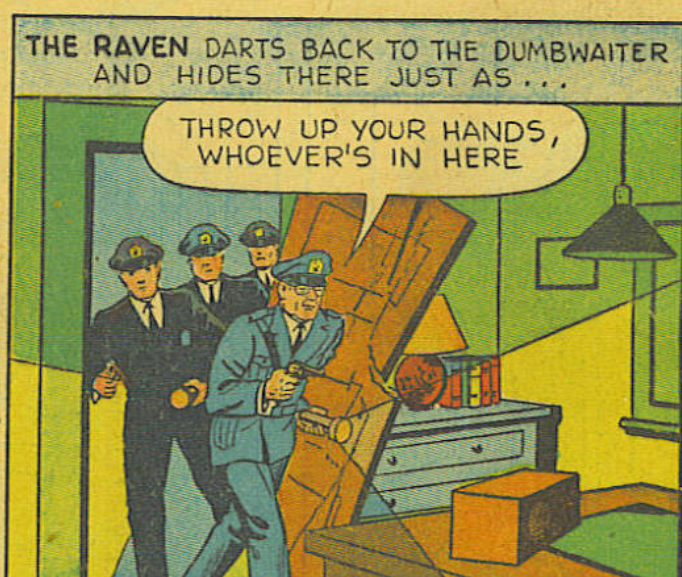
MEANWHILE, IN THE LUNCH WAGON UPSTAIRS...

MOVE FAST, MEN. THIS RAID HAS GOT TO BE A SUCCESS

RIGHT WITH YOU, CHIEF LASH!







I'LL ROOT OUT THESE GAMBLING CROOKS. IF THERE'S ANYONE IN HERE I'VE GOT HIM TRAPPED



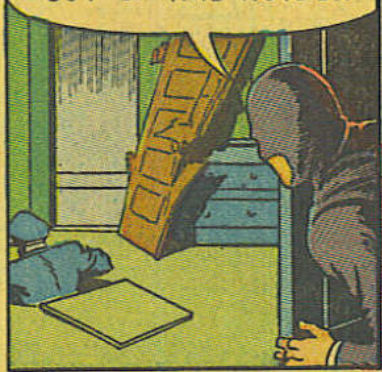
BUT AS CHIEF LASH IS ABOUT TO OPEN THE DOOR

HEY, CHIEF, HERE'S WHERE THEY WENT

A TRAP DOOR DOWN AFTER THEM BEFORE THEY GET AWAY



WHEW! SO THAT'S WHERE THE MASKED MAN WENT. LUCKY FOR ME THAT COP FOUND IT WHEN HE DID. I'D BETTER GET OUT OF THIS HOTBOX



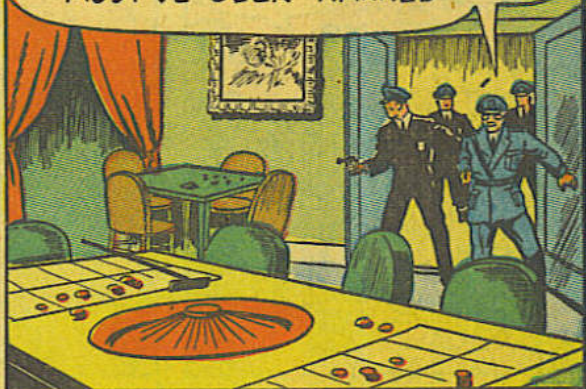
WHILE THE RAVEN IS MAKING HIS ESCAPE CHIEF LASH AND HIS MEN CHASE THROUGH AN UNDERGROUND PASSAGE

THIS LOOKS LIKE A GETAWAY PASSAGE I'M AFRAID WE'VE LOST THEM



THE CHASE PROVING FRUITLESS, LASH AND HIS MEN TAKE OVER THE GAMBLING ROOMS

ALL THE EQUIPMENT IS STILL HERE BUT EVERYBODY HAS GONE. THEY MUST'VE BEEN WARNED



THAT NIGHT AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS ...

THE RAID I MADE THIS AFTERNOON WAS A FLOP, DANNY, BECAUSE WE DIDN'T GET ANY OF THE CROOKS WHO WERE RUNNING THE JOINT. BUT I WILL, BY GOSH, I WILL!



I'LL KEEP ON RAIDING THEIR JOINTS UNTIL I GET THE RINGLEADERS

ATTABOY, DAD



I DON'T KNOW. HE JUST CAME INTO MY LAB IN THE CASTLE, TONIGHT AND TOLD ME THAT HE WAS MASTERMIND AND THAT MY CASTLE JUST SUITED HIS NEEDS BECAUSE OF THE ELECTRIC STORMS. HE TRIED TO KILL ME, BUT I MANAGED TO ESCAPE



OOH! WAIT! WHAT...

DON'T BE AFRAID, WE'RE GOING TO STORM MOUNTAIN AND HAVE A TALK WITH THIS MAN, MASTERMIND



I MUST HAVE RUN FOR HOURS. I WAS HYSTERICAL. NO CARS STOPPED FOR ME. I FOUND NO POLICE... AND THAT MAN LOOKED LIKE A FIEND!

SOME ESCAPED LUNATIC, I GUESS



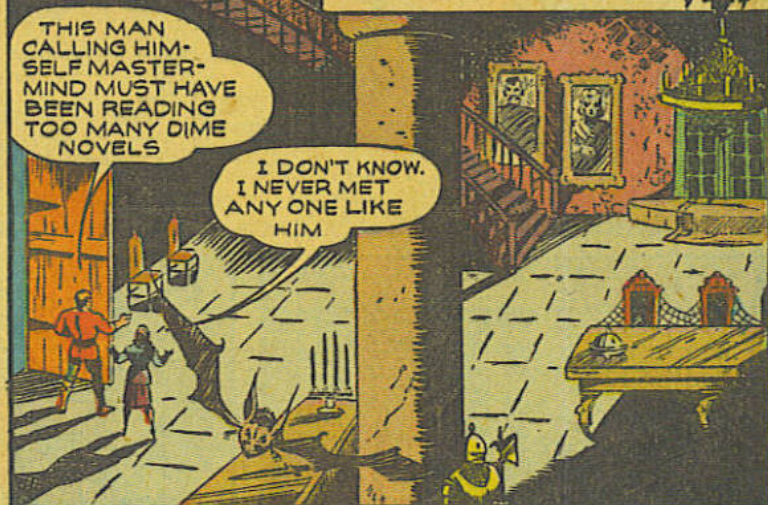
YOUR CASTLE IS A SPOOKY LOOKING PLACE

YES, BUT IDEAL FOR MY WORK



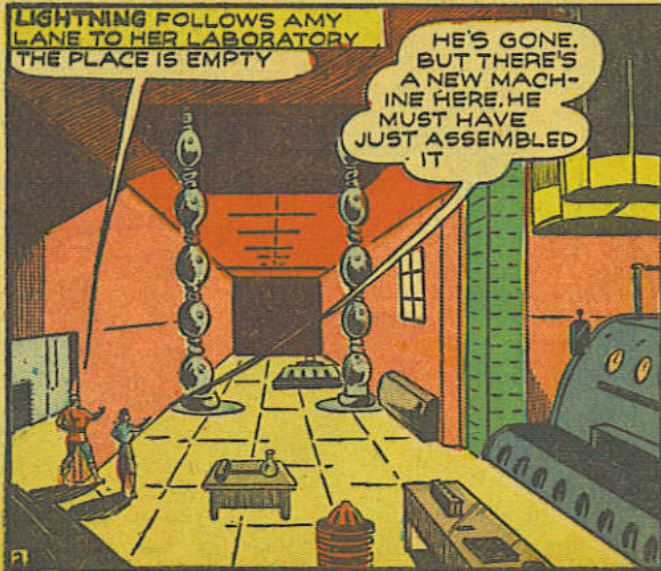
THIS MAN CALLING HIMSELF MASTERMIND MUST HAVE BEEN READING TOO MANY DIME NOVELS

I DON'T KNOW. I NEVER MET ANY ONE LIKE HIM



LIGHTNING FOLLOWS ANY LANE TO HER LABORATORY. THE PLACE IS EMPTY

HE'S GONE. BUT THERE'S A NEW MACHINE HERE. HE MUST HAVE JUST ASSEMBLED IT



WHAT IS IT FOR?

I DON'T KNOW. NEVER SAW ANYTHING LIKE IT. LET'S SEE HOW IT WORKS



WHY, IT'S THE POLICE COMMISSIONER AND MR. CALHOUN, THE PRESIDENT OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

YES, LASH. WE WANT TO HAVE A LITTLE TALK WITH YOU

SURE THING, COMMISSIONER JONES. WHAT IS IT?

ONLY THIS, LASH. THE PEOPLE OF THIS TOWN WANT SOME ACTION OUT OF THEIR POLICE DEPARTMENT. THEY'RE NOT GETTING IT

TIME AND TIME AGAIN, LASH, YOU HAVE FAILED TO CATCH THAT CROOK WHO CALLS HIMSELF **THE RAVEN**. HE COMMITS HIS CRIMES RIGHT UNDER YOUR NOSE. THE CITIZENS HAVE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS INEFFICIENCY. THEY DEMAND YOUR IMMEDIATE RESIGNATION



BUT - BUT I'VE SWORN THAT I **WILL** GET **THE RAVEN**, COMMISSIONER, 1-1--

WE'RE NOT INTERESTED IN PROMISES, LASH. YOU MUST RESIGN AT ONCE

ALL RIGHT, COMMISSIONER, I'LL RESIGN. I'LL TURN IN MY BADGE. BUT I'LL NOT STOP FIGHTING CRIME

WHILE ALL THIS IS GOING ON, DANNY DARTIN NOTICES THAT A FINGER IS MISSING FROM THE HAND OF MR. CALHOUN



SO THAT'S WHO THE SECRET HEAD OF THE GAMBLING RING IS!

CHIEF LASH RESIGNS, TURNS IN HIS BADGE TO THE COMMISSIONER. A FEW MINUTES LATER...

DON'T LET IT GET YOU DOWN, SIR

I WON'T. I'LL SHOW 'EM. I'LL GET **THE RAVEN**, AND I'LL GET THIS GAMBLING GANG IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO

IT'S ALL RIGHT, DAD



LATER ON...

DANNY, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT DAD?

DON'T WORRY, LOLA. THE **RAVEN** WILL HELP HIM OUT OF IT



I HAVE A HUNCH THAT YOUR DAD WAS THROWN OUT FOR STEPPING ON SOMEONE'S TOES WITH HIS GAMBLING-RAIDS. THAT **RAVEN** BUSINESS IS JUST A BLIND. I'LL HAVE MIKE LEARN WHERE THE GANG HAS SET UP THEIR NEW QUARTERS



THE NEXT NIGHT, MIKE, THE **RAVEN'S** LOYAL ASSISTANT, CALLS HIS BOSS

BOSS, THEY'RE USING THE WEST RIVER YACHT BASIN FOR THEIR NEW DEN

GOOD WORK, MIKE. GET BACK TO THE FLAT SO YOU'LL BE THERE IN CASE I NEED YOU

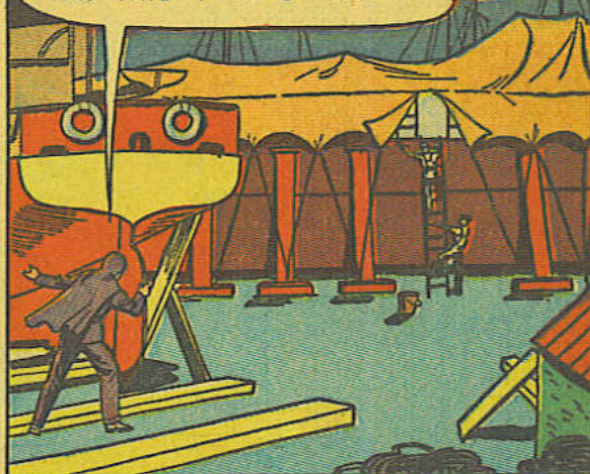


IN HIS **RAVEN** OUTFIT, DANNY ARRIVES AT THE WEST RIVER YACHT BASIN

WONDER WHICH ONE OF THESE BOATS IN DRYDOCK IS BEING USED FOR A GAMBLING-CASINO...



SOMETHING- PONEY ABOUT THOSE TWO GUYS WORKING ON THAT YACHT AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT



OH-OH! - THERE GO SOME GAMBLING CUSTOMERS. THAT YACHT IS THE PLACE



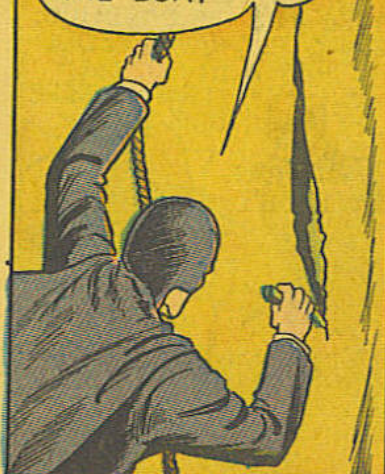
THOSE TWO PONEY WORKMEN ARE GUARDS. I'VE GOT TO SNEAK AROUND AND TRY TO GET ONTO THE YACHT FROM THE OTHER SIDE



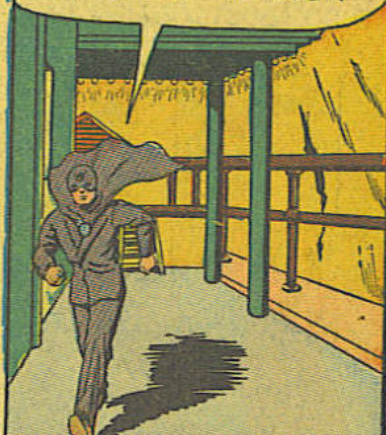
AT THE OTHER SIDE OF
THE YACHT



HOPE NO ONE'S AROUND
THIS SECTION OF
THE BOAT

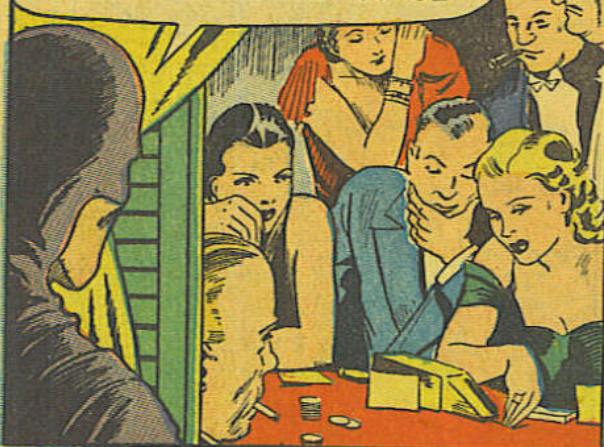


UNDER THE CANVAS THIS
YACHT IS LIT UP LIKE A
CHRISTMAS TREE. BETTER
GET OUT OF THE OPEN



BELOW DECKS ...

OPERATING ON THE SAME BIG
SCALE AS THE OTHER PLACE



THE RAVEN HIDES AS SOMEONE COMES
OUT OF THE GAMBLING SALON -

TAKING THE NIGHT'S
PROCEEDS TO THE
BIG CHIEF, EH!



JUST AS THE THUG IS ABOUT
TO ENTER A STATEROOM

MMMPH!
GLYMPH!

I'M GOING
TO TAKE
OVER YOUR
JOB, BUDDY



WHO
IS IT?

IT'S ME, CHIEF,
WIT' DE MONEY





FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF THE RAVEN IN EACH ISSUE OF LIGHTNING COMICS

DOCTOR NEMESIS



IN A NEARBY HOSPITAL, DR. BRADLEY IS ON AMBULANCE DUTY

WHERE TO THIS TIME, JAKE?

WORKMAN HURT OUT AT THAT BIG CONSTRUCTION JOB AT THE EDGE OF TOWN, JIM



BACK AT THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT...

OKAY, GIVE ME THE FACTS ON THIS

OFFICER--WANT--TO--TALK--TO--YOU--



THIS--NO ACCIDENT--BRICK DROPPED ON MY HEAD--ON PURPOSE--THEY WERE AFRAID--AFRAID I'D EXPOSE --BIG--BOSS--

WHAT'S THIS?



SAY, OFFICER, THIS MAN MUST BE DELIRIOUS. IT WAS PURELY AN ACCIDENT

WHO ARE YOU?



I'M MAX McNULTY, THE CONTRACTOR WHO IS RUNNING THIS JOB. I KNOW ALL THE BIG SHOTS IN TOWN. YOU CAN TAKE MY WORD FOR THIS, OFFICER. IT WAS AN ACCIDENT



I'M AL MIRCH, OFFICER, MR. McNULTY'S BUSINESS PARTNER. I WAS UP ABOVE THIS MAN ON AN INSPECTION TOUR WHEN IT HAPPENED. THERE'S NOTHING TO HIS TALK



CLEAR OUT THE CROWD, PLEASE



HERE'S THE AMBULANCE

PSSST McNULTY! BETTER TAKE THE DOC ASIDE AND GIVE HIM A LITTLE PEP TALK





A LITTLE LATER AFTER JOHNSON HAS BEEN RUSHED TO THE OPERATING ROOM

HOW IS THAT MAN JOHNSON WHO FELL FROM THE BUILDING?

OPERATING ROOM

NOT SO GOOD. HE NEEDS A BLOOD TRANSFUSION, IMMEDIATELY, AND WE DON'T HAVE HIS TYPE OF BLOOD AROUND

TEST MY BLOOD, DR. FOWLER. IT MIGHT BE RIGHT

ALL RIGHT, BRADLEY. WE'LL MAKE A QUICK TEST

THE TEST SHOWS DR. BRADLEY'S BLOOD MATCHES AND THE TRANSFUSION IS MADE

I HOPE THIS PULLS HIM THROUGH

IF IT DOESN'T IT WOULDN'T BE YOUR FAULT, BRADLEY

AFTER THE TRANSFUSION

DON'T BE SILLY.

I FEEL LIKE A CUSSY BEING HELPED LIKE THIS

IT'S ONLY NATURAL TO BE WEAK AFTER A BLOOD TRANSFUSION

HEY, WHAT'S UP, BOYS?

BIG APARTMENT HOUSE CAVED IN. THERE'S A CALL FOR EVERY DOCTOR AND AMBULANCE. AVAILABLE TOO BAD YOU CAN'T MAKE IT, JIM

WHAT DOES HE MEAN I CAN'T MAKE IT? I'M GOING!

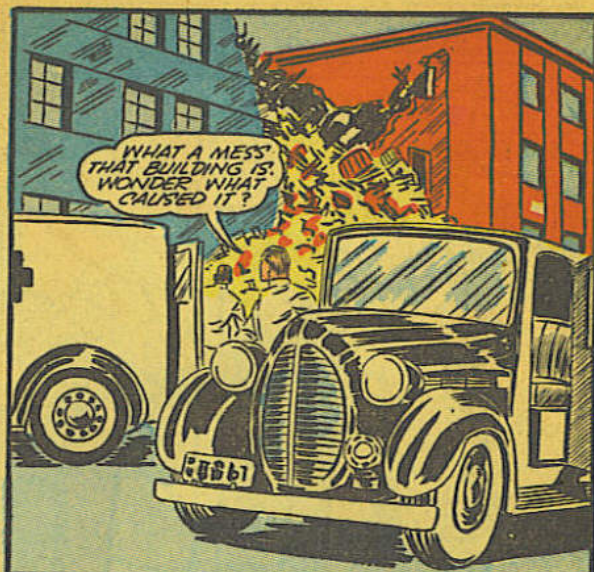
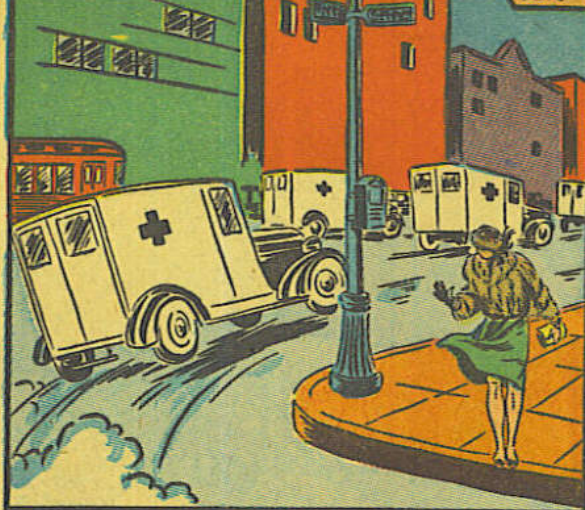
DR. BRADLEY! WAIT! YOU CAN'T GO. YOU'RE TOO WEAK!

I FEEL WEAK, ALL RIGHT, BUT NOT THAT WEAK. THEY'LL NEED ALL THE HELP THEY CAN GET ON A DISASTER LIKE THAT

BRADLEY! THOUGHT YOU JUST UNDERWENT A TRANSFUSION. HOW--

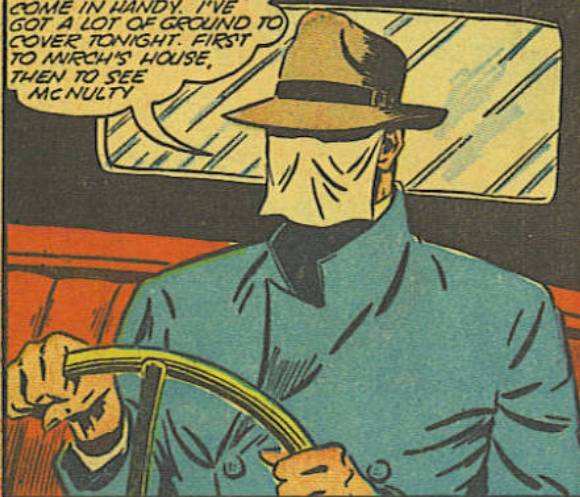
WHAT'S THE LOSS OF A LITTLE BLOOD, LET'S GO

THE AMBULANCE IN WHICH DR. BRADLEY RIDES JOINS A PARADE OF OTHERS SPEEDING TOWARD THE DISASTER



THAT NIGHT, AFTER LEAVING THE HOSPITAL, BRADLEY DONS HIS SURGICAL MASK AND BECOMES DR. NEMESIS!

THIS CAR I RENTED WILL COME IN HANDY. I'VE GOT A LOT OF GROUND TO COVER TONIGHT. FIRST TO MIRCH'S HOUSE, THEN TO SEE MCNULTY



THERE'S MIRCH AND HIS SON, TALKING



INSIDE THE ROOM, NEMESIS SEES...

TOUGH ABOUT THAT BUILDING COLLAPSE, EH, POP? H A H A

YEAH. BOY, MC NULTY AND I SURE CLEANED UP WHEN WE BUILT THAT DEATH TRAP

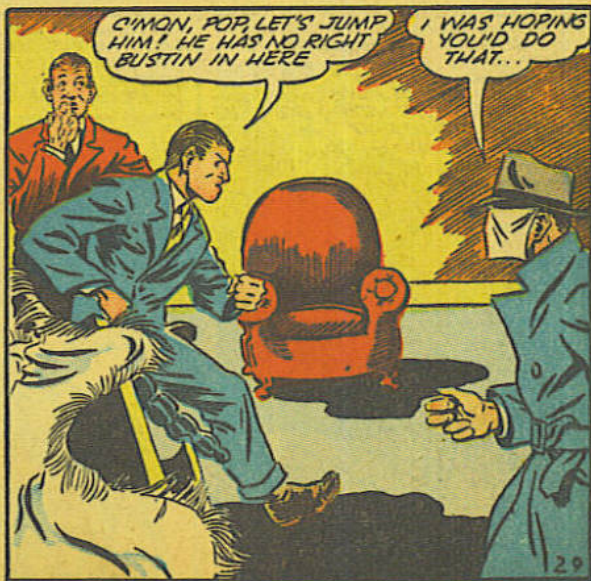


WH-WHAT-HEY!!



DON'T TRY TO GET AWAY, MIRCH. YOU'RE THROUGH MURDERING INNOCENT PEOPLE TO MAKE A LOT OF MONEY. YES, THAT'S WHAT IT IS WHEN YOU MAKE A BUILDING UNSAFE BY USING FAULTY MATERIALS- MURDER!!!

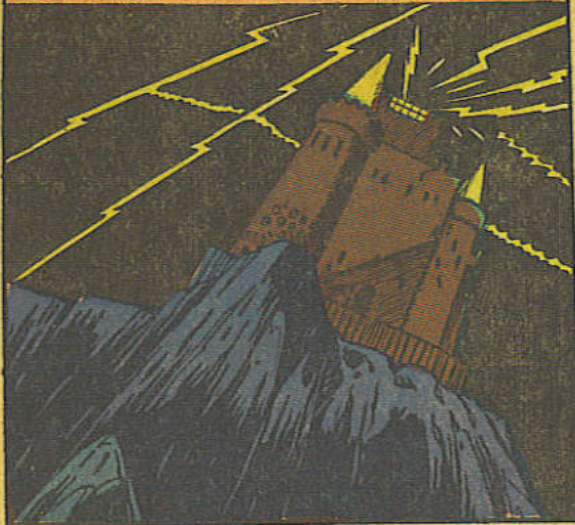
L-LEAVE ME ALONE



C'MON, POP, LET'S JUMP HIM! HE HAS NO RIGHT BUSTIN' IN HERE

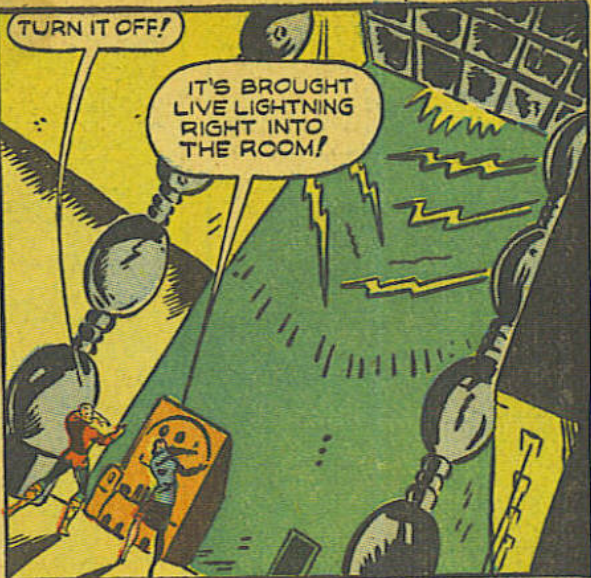
I WAS HOPING YOU'D DO THAT...

AS THE GIRL PULLS A LEVER, LIVE LIGHTNING BOLTS ARE DRAWN TO THE CASTLE



TURN IT OFF!

IT'S BROUGHT
LIVE LIGHTNING
RIGHT INTO
THE ROOM!



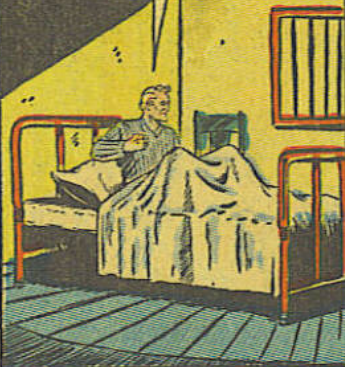
WHEW! THAT
CONTRAPTION
IS DANGEROUS!

I WONDER
WHAT HE
COULD
HAVE USED
IT FOR?



AT THAT MOMENT IN A
PRISON WARD OF A HOS-
PITAL IN A DISTANT CITY WE
FIND PROFESSOR VATZ,
ALIAS THE MUMMY!

I'M JUST ABOUT WELL, IF
THERE WAS ONLY A WAY
I COULD ESCAPE AND
GET EVEN WITH LIGHT-
NING FOR PUTTING
ME HERE!



EVEN AS VATZ SPEAKS

WHAT
IS
THAT?



WHO-WHO ARE YOU?
HOW DID YOU GET
IN HERE? WHERE
DID----

WITH MY SUPER-
BRAIN I CAN DO
ANYTHING. I
AM THE MASTER-
MIND!



YOU ARE PROF. VATZ,
THE MAN WHO IS
CALLED THE
MUMMY?

YES. WHAT
DO YOU
WANT OF
ME?



AS THE MUMMY YOU HAD ONE
POWER THAT I HAVEN'T. HELP
ME TO ATTAIN IT AND I WILL
FREE YOU FROM THIS
PRISON WARD AND HELP
YOU DESTROY LIGHTNING!

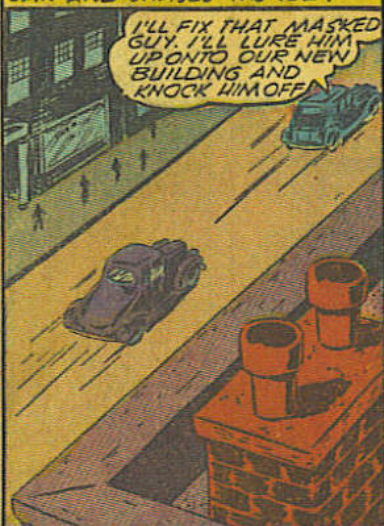




WITH THAT, McNULTY RUNS FROM THE HOUSE. BEFORE DR. NEMESIS' FOLLOWS...



THEN NEMESIS GETS INTO HIS CAR AND CHASES McNULTY



A FEW MOMENTS LATER



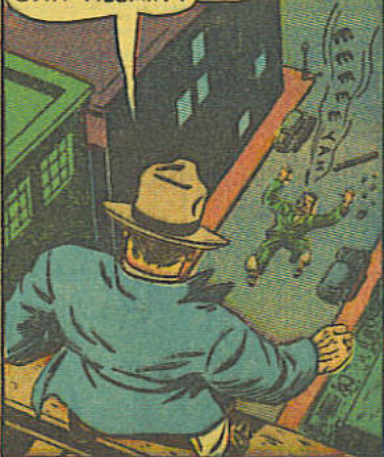
HIGHER AND HIGHER ON THE STEEL FRAMEWORK, THE TWO MEN CLIMB



THEN McNULTY DESPERATE FINDS HE CAN GO NO FARTHER



WELL, THAT'S THE END OF McNULTY. IF THAT CEMENT HAD BEEN ANY GOOD, THE PIPE WOULDN'T HAVE PULLED LOOSE. HIS DEATH WAS BROUGHT ON BY HIS OWN VILLAINY



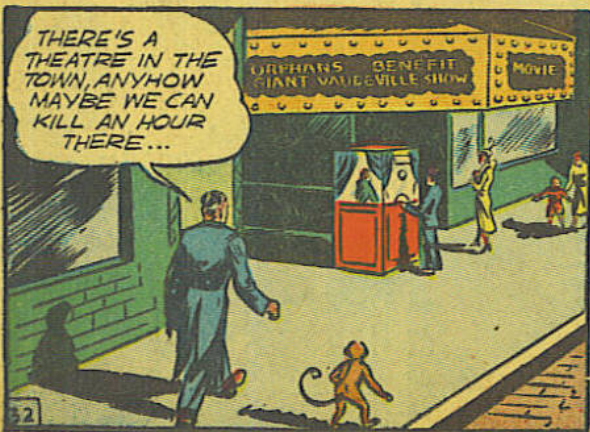
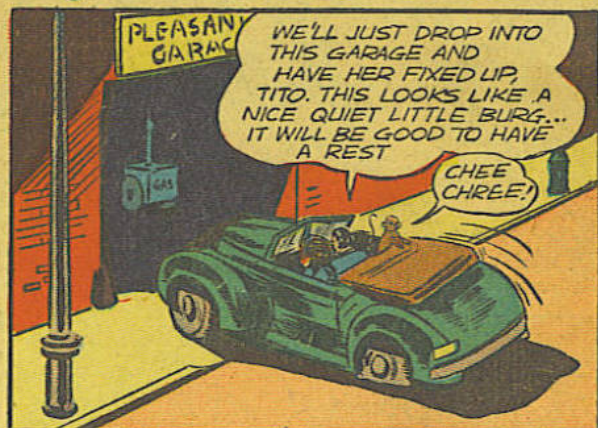
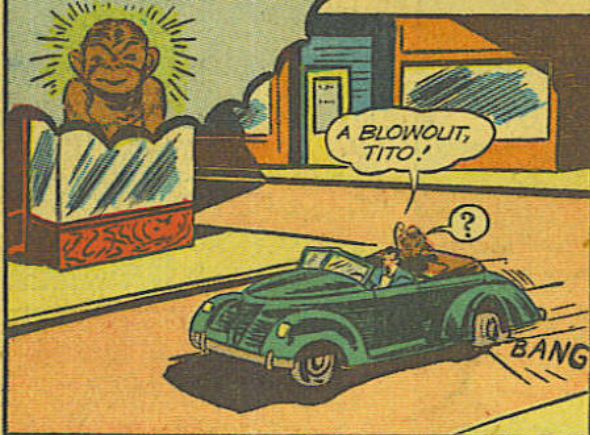
AT THE HOSPITAL THE NEXT DAY...

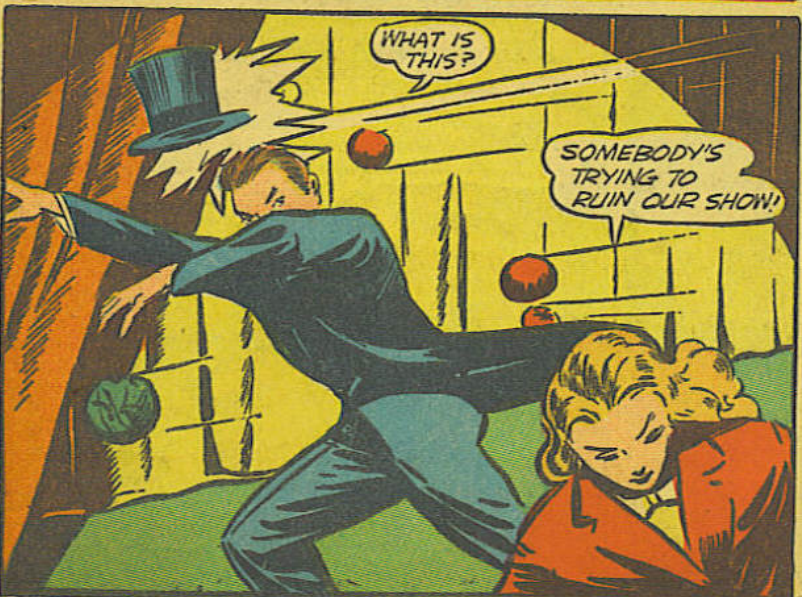


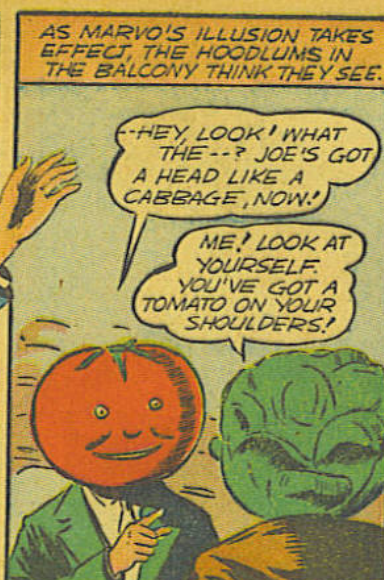
MARVO

The MAGICIAN and TITO

MARVO....
MAGICIAN AND
MASTER OF
ILLUSIONS, WHILE
TRAVELING THROUGH
THE COUNTRY IN
SEARCH OF
ADVENTURE, WITH HIS
PET MONKEY,
TITO, ENTERS
THE SMALL MID-
WESTERN TOWN
OF PLEASANTVILLE.







WE CAN'T LET THE ORPHANS LOSE THEIR HOME, MISS REEVES-- YOU GATHER TOGETHER THE FEW PERFORMERS THAT ARE LEFT AND CONVINCE THEM TO STAY. MEANWHILE, TITO, AND I WILL ENTERTAIN THE AUDIENCE...

ALL RIGHT-- I-- I'LL TRY

WHAT KIND OF A GYP SHOW IS THIS?

I'M GOING TO GET MY MONEY BACK!

HOLD ON, FOLKS!

ME, TOO

SWIFTLY, MARVO CATCHES THE AUDIENCE'S ATTENTION WITH ONE OF HIS ILLUSIONS --

MYSTICO-LEO

AFTER CREATING THE ILLUSION THAT TITO HAS BECOME A FEROCIOUS MAN-EATER--

DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, FOLKS-- WATCH!

HE'LL BE KILLED!

SEE, HE JUST WANTS TO DANCE WITH ME-- DA-DE-DE-DE-DA ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

THEN AFTER EXPLAINING THAT IT WAS JUST ONE OF HIS ILLUSIONS, MARVO GOES INTO OTHER ACTS WITH TITO

BRAVO!

BRAVO!



BUT MEANWHILE, AT THE
STAGE ENTRANCE TO THE
THEATRE --

THAT WAS SOME KIND
OF MAGIC THAT MADE
OUR HEADS LOOK LIKE
VEGETABLES, BEFORE--
WE'RE ALL RIGHT, NOW.
LET'S FINISH BUSTING
UP THIS SHOW!

OKAY,
SPIKE!

THE THUGS GO BACKSTAGE --

THIS TIME WE'RE GOING
TO MAKE SURE THE SHOW
DOESN'T GO ON AGAIN

THEY'LL HAVE A JOB
PUTTING ON A SHOW
WITHOUT THESE
COSTUMES! HA, HA!

YOU SAID
IT!

NOW LET'S GET TO THE
DRESSING ROOMS AND
DO OUR STUFF!

BACK IN THE WINGS --

OH--
FIRE!

GOT TO TELL MARVO!
MAYBE HE CAN STOP
THE FLAME

MARVO AND TITO LEAVE THE STAGE IN
ANSWER TO JUNE'S SUMMONS --

THIS IS BAD, JUNE, GET SOME
OF THE OTHER ACTORS ON
THE STAGE TO KEEP THE
AUDIENCE AMUSED -- TITO
AND I WILL HANDLE THE
FIRE!

THERE'S THE
HOSE, TITO --
GO GET IT!

CHEEE
CHEE



AS THE FLEEING THUGS ROUND A CORNER--



TITO GETS MAD AT THIS TREATMENT, AND...



POLICE ARRIVE ON THE SCENE--

SOMEONE MUST HAVE CALLED THE COPS

OFFICERS, THESE THUGS HAVE BEEN TRYING TO BREAK UP THE SHOW.



WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM!



THE SHOW IS GOING SWELL. NOW, MARVO, EVEN WITHOUT THE COSTUMES

THAT'S GOOD-- BUT THERE MUST HAVE BEEN SOME REASON BEHIND ALL THIS BUSINESS. DO YOU KNOW OF ANYONE WHO WOULD PURPOSELY TRY TO RUIN YOUR SHOW?



WHY, NO-- UNLESS IT COULD BE SQUIRE BAXTER. YOU SEE IF THIS SHOW DIDN'T GO OVER, DAD WOULD BE FORCED TO SELL THE HOME. BAXTER HAS BEEN TRYING TO BUY IT FOR A LONG TIME. HE WOULD THEN HALF-STARVE THE KIDS, RUN THE PLACE CHEAPLY, AND MAKE MONEY FOR HIMSELF

HE SOUNDS MEAN ENOUGH TO BE BEHIND SOMETHING LIKE THIS. I THINK TITO AND I WILL PAY THE SQUIRE A VISIT



MARVO AND TITO WALK TO A NEARBY BUILDING, WHERE SQUIRE BAXTER HAS HIS OFFICE

THIS LOOKS LIKE THE PLACE, TITO

AS THEY ENTER THE OFFICE, MARVO CREATES THE ILLUSION THAT HE AND TITO HAVE BECOME HEADLESS

A MAN AND A MONKEY WITHOUT HEADS! WHAT DO YOU WANT?

WE HAVE COME TO SPEAK TO YOU ABOUT THE PLEASANTVILLE ORPHAN HOME

YOU--YOU TALK, YET YOU HAVE NO HEADS! GET--GET OUT OF HERE-- YOU'RE DRIVING ME MAD!

SORRY, BUT WE'LL HAVE TO STAY HERE UNTIL YOU WRITE OUT A CHECK FOR THE ORPHAN HOME-- YOU SEE, THEY NEED THE MONEY BADLY

AL--ALL RIGHT ANYTHING, AS LONG AS YOU LEAVE MY OFFICE!

THE TERRIFIED SQUIRE WRITES OUT A CHECK FOR \$5,000 FOR THE HOME --

IT SUDDENLY BECOMES TOO MUCH FOR BAXTER AND--

HE'S FAINTED, TITO. THAT'S GOOD -- NOW THERE WILL BE TIME TO CASH THIS CHECK BEFORE HE CAN STOP PAYMENT-- LET'S GO

THIS MONEY WILL PULL THE ORPHAN ASYLUM RIGHT OUT OF TROUBLE, MARVO-- I STILL CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW YOU GOT THE SQUIRE TO CONTRIBUTE

OH, WE JUST USED OUR HEADS-- EH, TITO?

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF MARVO REGULARLY IN LIGHTNING COMICS ...

I WANT YOU TO SHOW ME HOW TO MAKE AND USE YOUR RADIUM PROTECTIVE COATING SO THAT I CAN MAKE MYSELF SAFE FROM BULLETS AND OTHER WEAPONS THAT IS MY ONLY WEAKNESS

IT'S A BARGAIN



VATZ USES GAUZE TO WRAP HIMSELF IN HIS MUMMY OUTFIT, BUT DOES NOT HAVE A SUPPLY OF RADIUM COATING HANDY. . . .

STAND CLOSE AND PLACE HANDS ON MY SHOULDERS LIKE THIS

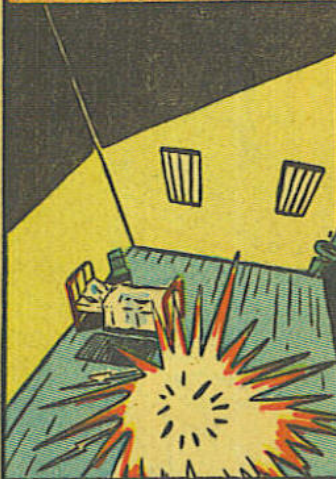
ONCE I GET FREE OF THIS PLACE I CAN DOUBLE-CROSS THIS GUY



TO THE CASTLE!



WITH A TERRIFIC FLASH, MASTERMIND AND THE MUMMY DISAPPEAR FROM THE ROOM!



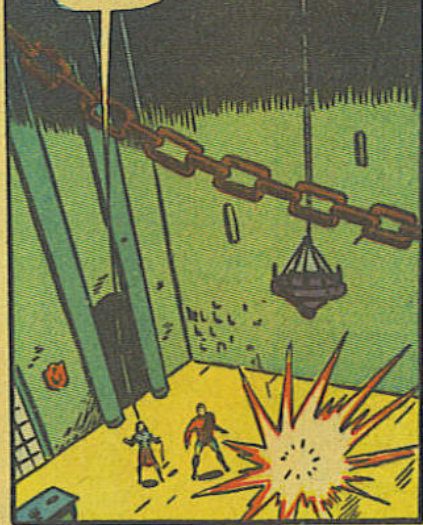
BACK IN THE CASTLE. . . .

WELL, WE SEARCHED THE CASTLE FROM TOP TO BOTTOM AND NO SIGN OF MASTERMIND

HE MUST HAVE..



OOOH!



AH, I SEE WE HAVE COMPANY AT MY CASTLE!

LIGHTNING!



THAT'S HIM, LIGHTNING, THAT'S THE MASTERMIND!

AND IN GOOD COMPANY, AMY. HIS COMPANION IS THE MUMMY!



I Knew Buffalo Bill

By "Old-Timer"

FOR any author of the present day to write a biography of William Frederick "Buffalo Bill" Cody would be equivalent to painting the lily or carrying coals to Newcastle. With the possible exception of Kit Carson, he was the most popular and resplendent figure of which the annals of the frontier have any record.

Buffalo Bill was born near Walnut Grove, Iowa, in 1846. He was an Indian fighter of prowess, having slain his first Indian at the age of eleven years. He was one of the most daring and courageous pony-express riders who ever traversed a hostile Indian country. He fought, killed, and scalped Chief Yellow Hand in the presence of Yellow Hand's own tribe. He was called "Pahaska," or Long Hair, by the Indians in recognition of his supreme courage. He was the greatest of all buffalo killers.

Buffalo Bill was the most extensively advertised man of his romantic era. He was the idol of the youth of the 1870's. He had been the subject of more panegyrics than any other man that ever lived. Almost every feat attributed to him has been grossly exaggerated.

His marksmanship was extravagantly praised, and yet he was perhaps the poorest shooter that ever carried a gun. Romancers vested him with almost superhuman qualities, when, in truth, he was merely an ordinary man living in an extraordinary age.

His achievements as a buffalo hunter were often embellished to the point of absurdity. To kill a hundred or more buffalo a day was, according to his enthusiastic admirers, merely an incident in his career as big-game hunter. In the late 1860's when Buffalo Bill was supplying the Kansas & Pacific Railroad contractors with buffalo meat, the buffalo herds were rapidly diminishing, because of the killing operations of hundreds of hunters scattered along the frontier.

Most hunting outfits deemed themselves lucky when they bagged thirty or forty bison a day. The herds were constantly on the move north or south, and the hunters had their hands full to cover expenses. That Buffalo Bill, alone and single-handed, should have killed that many thousands of bison annually, attributed to his skilled marksmanship, is a myth which secretly amused him, but which he never felt it worth while to refute.

There are many incidents in Buffalo Bill's adventurous life which never have been chronicled, and it is my purpose to allude herein to some of them. The fact that he was born in a log cabin near Walnut Grove, Iowa, filled him with pride. He once told me that "he loved Abraham Lincoln because the Great Emancipator had likewise been born in a log cabin."

His father had been an ardent Abolitionist and when he removed with his family to Kansas in 1853, he incurred the bitter enmity of the savage proslavery element that infested that territory. Several attempts were made to kill him.

The older Cody died in 1857 from a stab wound, and a few months later, when young Cody was eleven years old, he joined an expedition to Salt Lake City. It was about this time when he killed the first of a dozen or so Indians that were sent to the happy hunting grounds by him in subsequent years.

It was while he was attached to Lew Simpson's wagon train en route to Salt Lake, in 1857, that young Cody first met "Wild Bill," then known as Jim Hickok. The boy was being roughly handled by

several boisterous teamsters, when Hickok emerged from beneath a wagon.

"What are you fellows trying to do with that boy?" he shouted angrily.

"Yuh attend to yer own business!" rejoined a burly chap, who held Cody's arm.

"Well, this is my business." He rescued the lad, thrust him to one side and faced the man menacingly. "If you really want a fight, tackle me," he said coolly. "I'll try to make it interesting for you."

There was something about this tall, long-haired man, Hickok, which the blustering assailant of young Cody did not relish. He turned away, followed by the jeers of his companions. Cody and Hickok clasped hands, thus sealing a friendship that endured until 1876, when Wild Bill was assassinated by a cowardly gambler in Deadwood.

For many years, the two frontiersmen were inseparable, hunting and scouting together. But in all these years Buffalo Bill, yielding to the pleas of his more than jealous wife, Louisa Frederici Cody, whom he married in Old Frenchtown, St. Louis, March 6, 1866, never fraternized with any of the desperadoes whose sanguinary and lawless deeds blacken the pages of frontier history.

In 1872, Ned Buntline (E. C. Z. Judson) a writer of lurid Western fiction, who had made the name of Buffalo Bill a household word throughout the country, wrote and produced at the old Bowery Theatre in New York, a play entitled "Buffalo Bill, the King of the Bordermen." In this melodrama, the role of Buffalo Bill was enacted by J. B. Studley, an actor who bore a remarkable resemblance to the popular Western hero.

Buffalo Bill was induced by Buntline to come to New York and attend the first performance. He was escorted to the stage by Buntline and the manager of the theatre and, according to his own statement, "made a sad spectacle of himself by making a speech." The crowd roared its enthusiastic approval, whereupon Buntline offered to pay him \$500 a week to play the title role in the play.

"You might as well try to make an actor out of a government mule," said Buffalo Bill, and flatly refused.

Buntline persisted however, and a year later, on meeting Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack in Chicago, he induced both to accept leading roles in his new melodrama, "Scouts of the Prairie" which was to have its premiere in Chicago in the fall of 1873. The two scouts created a profound sensation. The audience rose to its feet and shrieked a hearty welcome. Buffalo Bill was so excited that he forgot his lines completely.

He talked at random, to the delight of his cheering hearers. The prompter whispered the lines Cody was to speak, but he didn't hear them. Despite the enthusiasm of the audience, Cody's debut as stage player was absurd but quite effective.

BUNTLINE was at his wit's end. What could be done to restore Cody's recollection of the lines that refused to come? The presence of Bill Milligan, a famous buffalo hunter, gave him an idea. Milligan was a friend of Billy Comstock who long had been known as "Buffalo Bill" Comstock, and who for years vehemently disputed Cody's supremacy as a killer of bison, he claiming the title of "champion buffalo hunter of the plains."

"There's Milligan," whispered Buntline to Cody. "You've hunted buffalo with him, and Billy, Comstock, so talk about that."

This brought Buffalo Bill to his senses, and he reeled off a long speech about his and Billy Comstock's famous buffalo hunts. He actually addressed his speech at Milligan who listened in open-mouthed astonishment. The audience yelled, the actors were infused with new life, Cody got a grip on his lines and "The Scouts of the Prairie" scored the biggest hit of the season. The melodrama was presented later in the same season at Niblo's Garden in New York, both the stars and play meeting with flattering success.

The play was rewritten by Buntline early in 1874, and meanwhile Buffalo Bill had prevailed upon Wild Bill Hickok to enact the role of himself in the revised production. Besides Cody, Wild Bill and Texas Jack Omohundro, the cast included Mlle. Morlacchi as the heroine, Frank Mordaunt as a renegade horsethief, Harry Mainhall, as a Comanche chief, Miss Jennie Fisher, Miss Lizzie Safford, Miss Eliza Hudson, J. V. Arlington and others. In one scene of the play, Wild Bill actually stole the honors from Buffalo Bill.

"When we were swapping stories in the play," said Cody in his book of reminiscences, "we passed around a whiskey bottle filled with cold tea. When it was Hickok's turn to tell a story, I passed him the bottle. He took a mouthful, then spurted the tea right out on the stage.

"You must think I'm the worst fool east of the Rockies, that I can't tell cold tea from whiskey," he shouted angrily. "This don't count, and I can't tell a story unless I get real whiskey."

According to Buffalo Bill, the action came to a standstill, the audience cheering itself hoarse. Somebody brought a bottle of real whiskey and after Wild Bill had sampled it generously, he told his story. "Wild Bill had unconsciously made a big hit," said Cody, "and the audience voiced its approval of his artistry in no uncertain tones."

It was in this manner that Buffalo Bill became an actor. His fame spread. Finally came his celebrated Wild West Show, which he took to Europe and which even Queen Victoria did not disdain to visit. It was early in 1877 when I first met Buffalo Bill, who with Texas Jack and Wild Bill were passing through Cincinnati on their way west. Encountering him in the foyer of the Grand Opera House on Vine Street, one afternoon, I addressed him boldly. "Buffalo Bill," I said bluntly. "Will you give me some advice?"

"Speak your piece, my boy," he replied genially. I asked him what a chap of my age could find to do in Texas or elsewhere along the frontier.

"Are you aiming to go to Texas?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you shoot?"

"Not much, I'm afraid."

"Then, my lad," he replied seriously, "you haven't any business west of the Mississippi. It's a rough life men lead on the plains and, not knowing the habits of the frontier, you're liable to step into a heap of trouble."

"I'd like to hunt buffalo, punch cattle, and all that sort of thing," I answered. "That oughtn't get me into trouble."

"Well, young fellow," he laughed. "If you're determined to locate among renegade Indians and gun toters, remember to keep sober and, above all, keep your tongue between your teeth. Keep your eyes and ears open, but let those you meet do the talking."

"Don't carry a gun, but if you do, see to it that you never draw it unless you are forced to do so. If that happens, be sure of your aim, or you may never have a chance to draw again. Don't forget to be quick and accurate. If you stick to those rules, you may pull through all right!"

It was thirty years later, in 1907, when I met Buffalo Bill again. I had seen several years of active service along the frontier, and at the time of our second meeting at the Chicago Coliseum where Cody's Wild West Show was the attraction,

I was editor of the *Show World*, a theatrical, circus and motion picture weekly founded by Warren H. Patrick, a former circus showman and an advertising expert of great brilliance and energy. I found Buffalo Bill in his dressing room in consultation with Major John Burke, his press agent, who, undeniably, was one of the greatest publicity men of his or any other age.

"What can I do for you and the *Show World*?" asked Cody languidly. He had grayed considerably since I had seen him last, and his tall figure had lost much of its former bulk and erectness. He was sixty-one, and the years already were weighing heavily upon him.

I reminded him of the advice he had given me in Cincinnati thirty years before. He frankly admitted he had completely forgotten the incident. He smilingly remarked that he was glad I had followed his instructions. He insisted that I tell him of my adventures, but Major Burke warned him that he was soon to appear in the arena and that time for more than a formal chat was lacking. Nevertheless, I told him of some of the bad men I had encountered along the frontier in the 1870's.

"I knew every one of them," he said, his eyes gleaming. "I'm glad you had brains enough to stand beside, rather than in front, of them, when they were in action. You're luckier than many men I've known."

"Wild Bill Hickok, for example?" I inquired.

"Poor Hickok," sighed Cody. "He was one of the finest men I have ever known. He was kind, courteous, and modest to a fault. Murdered without the slightest warning by a scoundrel, and shot in the back of the head while Bill was playing cards. He often told me that he would die with his boots on, the victim of treachery. He had dark presentiments at times, and they rendered him gloomy and morose at the last."

"He was a genuine he-man and when the history of the frontier is competently and finally written, as it will be, in time, the name of Wild Bill Hickok will loom large as one of the greatest of that fine type of brave and daring men whose achievements did so much to win the great West for civilization."

A tear glistened in Cody's eye as he referred to his dead friend. It gave me a new insight into his character—loyalty of friendship—the deepest veneration for the man who had so signally served him in his youth and won his undying friendship.

Even though he daily deceived his audiences by smashing glass bulbs with cartridges filled with fine bird shot, which could not possibly fail to shatter his frail targets at twenty feet, and the use of which, by reason of his failing sight, was imperative, he was a man of the finest quality, whom to know was to admire and respect.

Putting on his sombrero, he bade me good-bye and left us to mount his white horse in the arena of the packed Coliseum. The vociferous welcome that was his, proved that he had an enduring place in the affection of every spectator. Of his family troubles, caused by his wife's jealousy of certain women identified with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, who had received more or less highly colored stories of his philanderings, I have no desire to speak.

Cody long had harbored the delusion that his wife had attempted to poison him by placing a deadly drug in his coffee, but they were finally reconciled, and he came to realize that she was, as she had always been, his most devoted wife and friend.

Settling in Denver, the city he had founded, in the home of his sister, Mrs. Lou Decker, Buffalo Bill died January 10, 1917. Mrs. Cody, whom he always addressed as "Mamma," was at his bedside and closed his eyes in death. She died in 1921.

He was buried at his own request on the peak of Mount Lookout, near Denver, in a crypt hewn out of solid granite. Visitors to the tomb, of whom there are thousands every year, may scan with awe that vast domain to the north, south, and east, embracing four states, in the reclamation of which from savagery and lawlessness he had played so great a part.

CONGO JACK



IN THE AFRICAN CONGO, EARTH SUDDENLY EXPLODES. FROM THE TERRIBLE, SMOKING CRATER, POURS FORTH A GROUP OF GREEN-SKINNED, STRANGELY GARBED MEN

OTHER GREEN-SKINNED WARRIORS SHOOT OUT OF THE CRATER IN A BULLET-LIKE PROJECTILE

SOON THE STRANGERS SIGHT A GROUP OF JUNGLE SAVAGES.....

LET'S LOOK AROUND FOR INHABITANTS OF THIS UPPER WORLD

HO, COMRADE! DARK-SKINNED PEOPLE. SHOOT THEM DOWN WITH OUR RAY GUNS!

THE
OUTSIDE
WORLD





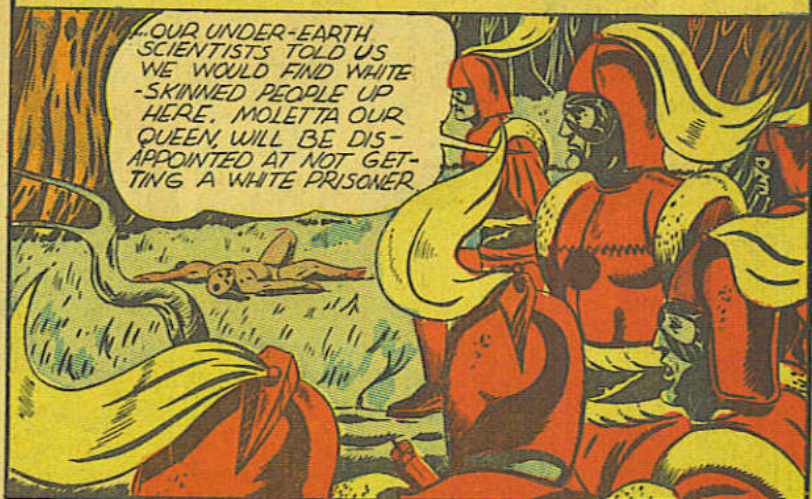
THE NATIVES ARE BLASTED BY THE RAY GUNS WITHOUT MERCY....



THE DARK-SKINNED ONES WERE NO MATCH FOR US MOLEMEN!



THE CURIOUS MOLEMEN GAZE AT THE DEAD NATIVES.....



NEARBY CONGO JACK, ADVENTURER AND EXPLORER, IS CAMPING WITH HIS FRIEND CLEM JONES. THEY ARE DISTURBED BY THE SOUND OF THE RECENT EARTH UPHEAVAL....

-- THAT TERRIBLE NOISE IN THE JUNGLE, CLEM! WHAT COULD IT HAVE BEEN?

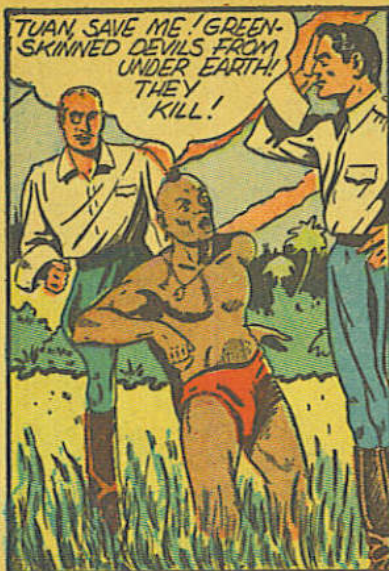


AFTER THE EXPLOSION THERE WERE SOUNDS, LIKE MEN BEING MURDERED. WE'D BETTER GO INVESTIGATE!



SUDDENLY INTO CAMP BURSTS....







WARNED BY SOME SIXTH SENSE, CONGO JACK WHEELS AROUND TO MEET THE ATTACK

THAT NATIVE WAS RIGHT! I'M BEING ATTACKED BY THE SAME CREATURES!



CONGO JACK FIGHTS LIKE A DEMON.....



MORE MOLEMEN JOIN IN THE BATTLE..

--I CAN'T STAND THIS ARMY OFF MUCH LONGER!



TWO OF THE UNDER-EARTH WARRIORS SNEAK UP BEHIND CONGO JACK, AND.....



DAZED AND WEAK, CONGO JACK IS MARCHED OFF BY HIS CAPTORS

HE WAS A POWERFUL GLADIATOR. THE QUEEN WILL BE GLAD TO HAVE SUCH A SPECIMAN

HE MIGHT HAVE DEFEATED US EXCEPT FOR OUR GREAT NUMBERS



THERE IS OUR SHIP





I'M GOING
TO MAKE
A BREAK



CONGO JACK GRABS ONE OF
HIS CAPTORS IN A BONE
CRUSHING BEAR-HUG!

HELP
COMRADES!



HE SLUGS ANOTHER ONE



...HOW'S THIS,
BIG BOY?



OTHER MOLEMEN COME RUNNING FROM THE
UNDER-EARTH SHIP!

THE WHITE
SKINNED PRISONER
TRIES TO ESCAPE!



--VICTORY IS
YOURS, WHITE
ONE. I
SURRENDER
TO HONORABLE
DEFEAT!

--YOU ARE NOT
SO BRAVE
NOW, EH?!



- TELL ME QUICKLY! WHERE
DO YOU GREEN SKINS COME
FROM? WHAT IS YOUR
MISSION?
TALK---



BEFORE THE MOLEMAN CAN
TALK, ONE OF HIS COMRADES
FROM THE SHIP, ATTACKS

I'VE GOT THIS FIGHTING DEMON



--OUR QUEEN, MOLETTA, WILL BE PLEASED WITH THE WHITE PRISONER, EH, SIR LUGI?



-- MOLETTA WILL PROBABLY MAKE THE WHITE WARRIOR A PRINCE, OR --- Oow w !!



--CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY, DOG! NO ONE SHALL BE MADE A PRINCE OVER SIR LUGI!



--I MUST MAKE SURE THE WHITE SKINNED ONE DOES NOT WIN QUEEN MOLETTA'S FAVOR!



-- AWAKEN, WHITE ONE DON'T MIND THE JEALOUS LUGI !



THE FRIENDLY MOLEMAN REVIVES CONGO JACK AND GIVES HIM ENCOURAGEMENT



SIR LUGI, COME QUICKLY!
QUEEN MOLETTA IS
COMING THROUGH ON THE
VISO-GRAPH!



ON THE VISION PLATE, LUGI IS CON-
FRONTED BY QUEEN MOLETTA

--SIR LUGI, WHY HAVE
YOU NOT MADE A
REPORT YET? WHAT
HAVE YOU FOUND IN
THE OUTER WORLD?



....APOLOGIES YOUR MAJESTY!
NOTHING HAS YET DEVELOPED.
YOUR HUMBLE KNIGHT WILL
INFORM YOU AFTER
FURTHER
EXPLORATION.
HONORABLE
QUEEN!



....BUT
THE WHITE
SKINNED
ONE --

--WHAT'S
THAT? A
WHITE
MAN?

YES, OH QUEEN,
A MOST
POWERFUL
AND BRAVE
WHITE
CAPTIVE!



LUGI, YOU LIED, AND SO YOU
WILL BE PUNISHED WHEN
YOU RETURN. BRING THE
WHITE CAPTIVE TO ME --
AT ONCE.....



CONGO JACK IS BROUGHT FOR-
WARD TO BE VIEWED BY MOLETTA
WHAT DO YOU WANT OF ME, MISS?



HE IS INDEED A FINE
SPECIMAN..... SIR LUGI,
YOU WILL BRING THIS CAPTIVE
TO OUR WORLD AT ONCE.
DON'T FAIL TO OBEY



THE VISO-GRAPH CLICKS OFF. CONGO
JACK IS LED AWAY, WHILE
SIR LUGI BROODS.....



I MUST GET
RID OF THIS
WHITE STRANGER
SOME WAY...

LATER, AS THE UNDER EARTH
SHIP MAKES ITS WAY INTO THE
BOWELS OF THE EARTH.....



I'M GOING TO SEE IF I
CAN'T TAKE COMMAND
HERE AND MAKE
THEM TURN AND
GO BACK TO
THE OUTER
WORLD

CONGO JACK SLIRS THROUGH THE SHIP SNEAKS UP ON A SENTRY.....



SNATCHING THE MOLEMAN'S GUN, JACK MAKES FOR A HATCHWAY!

-- SO FAR SO GOOD! THIS HATCHWAY SEEMS TO LEAD TO THE UPPER QUARTERS!



AS HE PUSHES UP THROUGH THE HATCH A GUARD FIRES.....



BUT THE BLAST MISSED AND CONGO JACK SHOTS BACK. THE GUARD TOPPLES



--SOUNDS OF THE SHOOTING COME TO SIR LUGI WHO GRINS EVILY AS HE FORMS A CUNNING PLAN.....

..THE WHITE ONE MUST BE TRYING TO ESCAPE, NOW I CAN KILL HIM WITHOUT MAKING THE QUEEN ANGRY!



AS CONGO JACK MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE STRANGE SHIP THE LIGHTS SUDDENLY GO OUT, HE STUMBLES BLINDLY

...WHAT A ROTTEN BREAK, IT'S BLACK AS PITCH IN HERE! HOPE I DON'T BUMP INTO ANYMORE MOLE MEN!



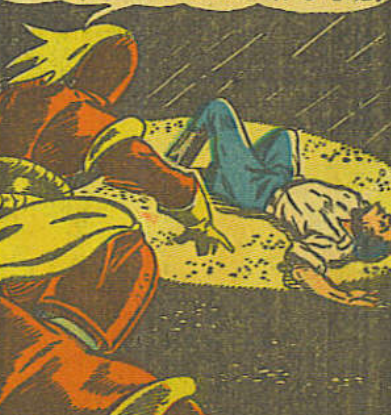
...A FEW MOMENTS LATER HE STEPS INTO BLACK SPACE, FALLS..

...A TRAP DOOR! I'M SUNK!



AS CONGO JACK PLUNGES TO THE FLOOR BELOW, THE LIGHTS SUDDENLY FLASH ON AGAIN!

--I KNEW THAT IF I DOUSED THE LIGHTS AND OPENED THE TRAP DOORS, HE WOULD STEP INTO ONE!



THIS TIME THERE'S
NO RADIUM COATING
TO PROTECT YOU
FROM MY FISTS!

HELP,
MASTER-MIND!



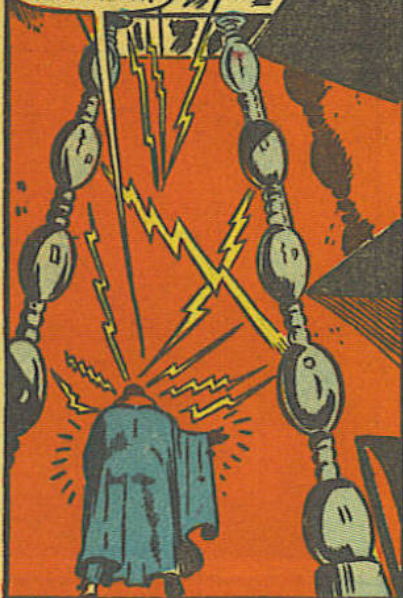
MUSTN'T LET THE
MUMMY BE KILLED
UNTIL HE HAS
SERVED MY
PURPOSE



WHILE THEY'RE FIGHTING,
I'LL START MY
LIGHTNING
MACHINE,
AND...



..TAKE
ANOTHER
TREATMENT!



L'LOOK WHAT
HE'S DOING!

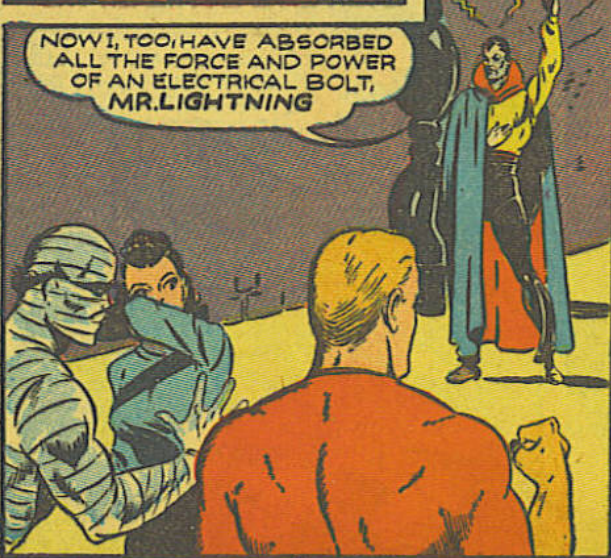
HE'LL BE
KILLED



WE'LL SEE HOW
YOU LIKE
TO HAVE
A BOLT
HURLED
AT YOU!



NOW I, TOO, HAVE ABSORBED
ALL THE FORCE AND POWER
OF AN ELECTRICAL BOLT,
MR. LIGHTNING



LATER I WILL TELL QUEEN MOLETTA THAT I SHOT HIM IN SELF DEFENSE

BUT I SHALL TELL THE TRUTH ABOUT IT, LUGI, THAT YOU TRIED TO SHOOT THE WHITE ONE WHILE HE WAS HELPLESS!



YOU AGAIN! I'M SICK OF YOU INTERFERING IN MY PLANS. I SHALL KILL YOU FIRST AND SAY THAT YOU WERE ASSISTING IN THE ESCAPE



BUT JUST AS LUGI IS ABOUT TO BLAST THE FRIENDLY MOLE-MAN, CONGO JACK COMES TO.

I OVER HEARD THAT, LUGI!

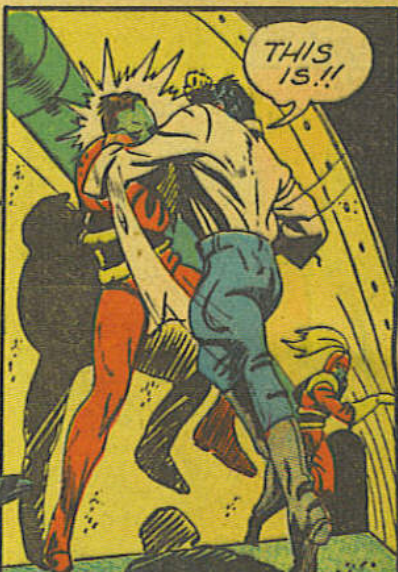


FOR THAT I SHALL TEAR YOU APART WITH MY BARE HANDS!

C'MON, TOUGHY TALK IS CHEAP!



THAT'S NOT FAIR LUGI, BUT--



BUT LUGI IS A HARDENED FIGHTER AND HE COMES RIGHT BACK....

YOU DO NOT DEFEAT THE GREAT LUGI THAT EASILY!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, UNKNOWN TO THE FIGHTING MEN, THE SHIP HAS LANDED AND QUEEN MOLETTA HAS BOARDED.



WHAT GOES ON?



WHY DOES NOT THE FAIR SKINNED ONE KNEEL?

CONGO JACK KNEELS TO NO ONE, MA'AM



THE STRANGER FROM THE OUTER WORLD IS MIGHTY PROUD, BUT THAT IS WELL. FROM WHAT I'VE HEARD OF HIS PROWESS, HE HAS A RIGHT TO BE. NOW SOMEONE TELL ME WHAT THIS RUMPUS IS ABOUT!



IT IS EASILY EXPLAINED, MY QUEEN. THIS WHITE MAN SOUGHT TO ESCAPE, AND TRIED TO KILL ME, SO I---

HE LIES, OH QUEEN!



I SAW HIM. HE WAS GOING TO SHOOT THE FAIR ONE WHILE HE WAS LYING HELPLESS!

I KNOW. I WAS WATCHING FOR QUITE A FEW MINUTES BEFORE I ANNOUNCED MYSELF



FOR SUCH COWARDLY CONDUCT I SENTENCE LUGI TO DIE IN THE BLACK PIT!

NO, NO! NOT THAT. OH, MY QUEEN GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE!



I BEG QUEEN MOLETTA TO GIVE THIS MAN ANOTHER CHANCE. I AM SURE HE REALIZES HIS ERROR AND IS SORRY. CERTAINLY SUCH A BEAUTIFUL QUEEN MUST ALSO BE ABLE TO FORGIVE!



AS THEY LEAVE THE SHIP....

YOU ARE NOT ONLY BRAVE BUT CLEVER AT FLATTERY. YOUR WISH SHALL BE GRANTED. LUGI, YOU ARE PARDONED

MY HUMBLE THANKS, MY QUEEN



THAT FAIR SKINNED ONE THINKS THAT HE IS CLEVER. BAH! ONCE IN OUR CITY I SHALL SEE TO IT THAT HE COMES TO A QUICK END!



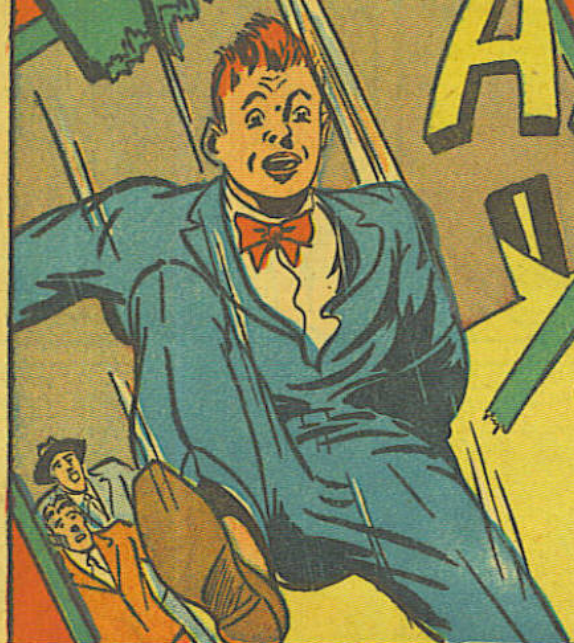
WHAT STRANGE ADVENTURE LIES AHEAD OF CONGO JACK IN THE CITY OF THE MOLEMEY, DEEP IN THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH!

Don't miss the next issue

LIGHTNING COMICS
H. Schneider

HAP HAZARD

A NOTHER BIG-TIME
ADVENTURE OF THAT
WHIRLWIND COPY BOY
OF THE DAILY STAR



HERE'S THE CIGARS
AND CHANGE OF THE
TWENTY BUCKS, CHIEF

OKAY, HAP. FOR
ONCE YOU DID
SOMETHING FAST
AND RIGHT



HUMPH! YOU'D
THINK I NEVER DID
ANYTHING RIGHT
BEFORE

OH-OH!
WHAT NOW?

HAP HAZARD!
C'MERE!



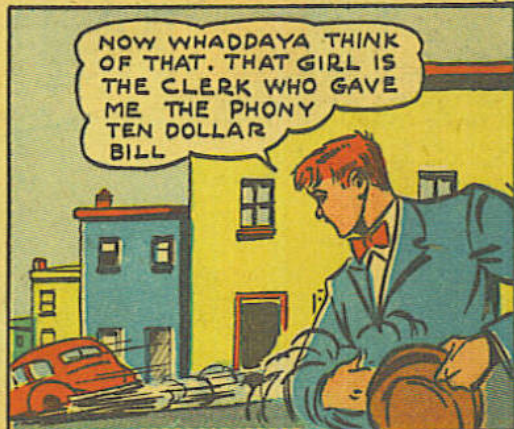
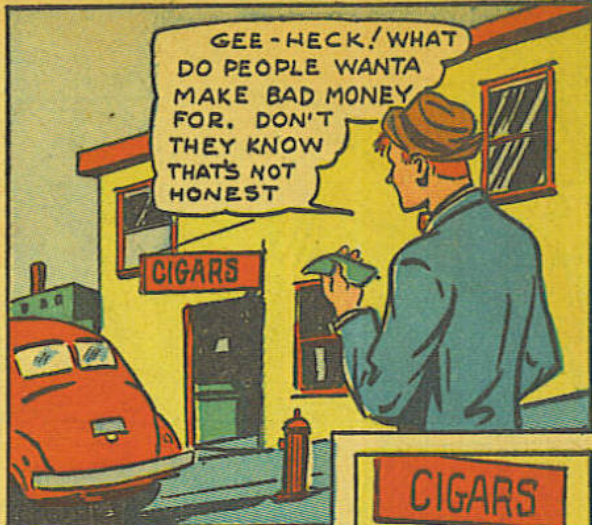
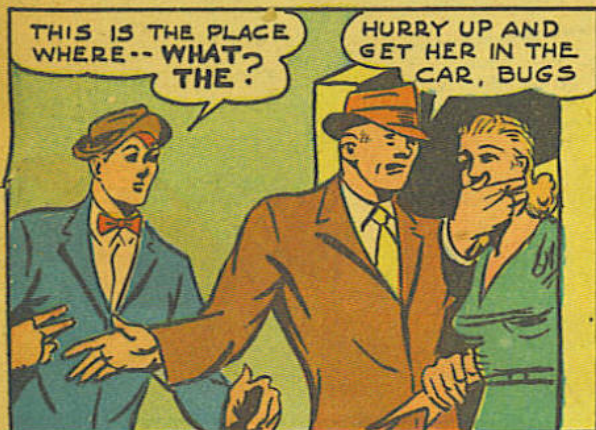
WHERE'D YOU BUY
THESE CIGARS, BRIGHT
EYES? HUH?

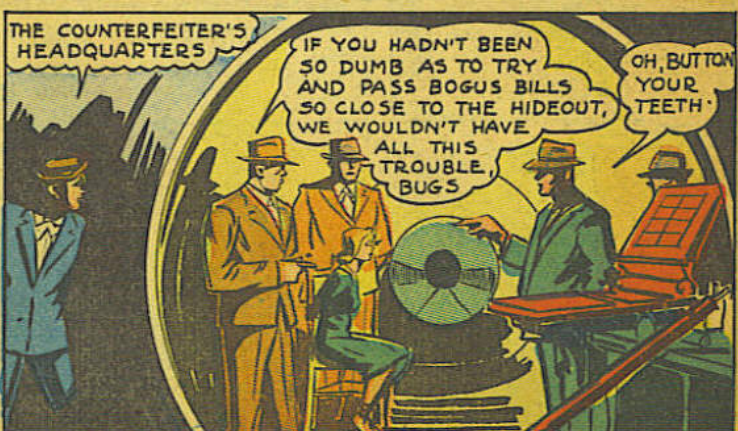
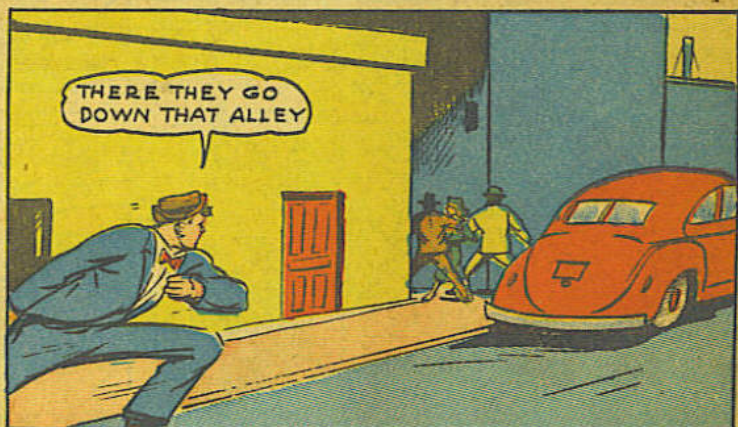
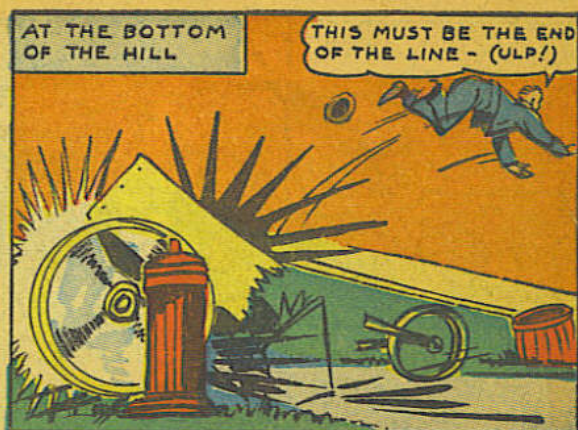
WHY-UH-
AT A STORE
DOWN THE
STREET. SOME-
THING WRONG?



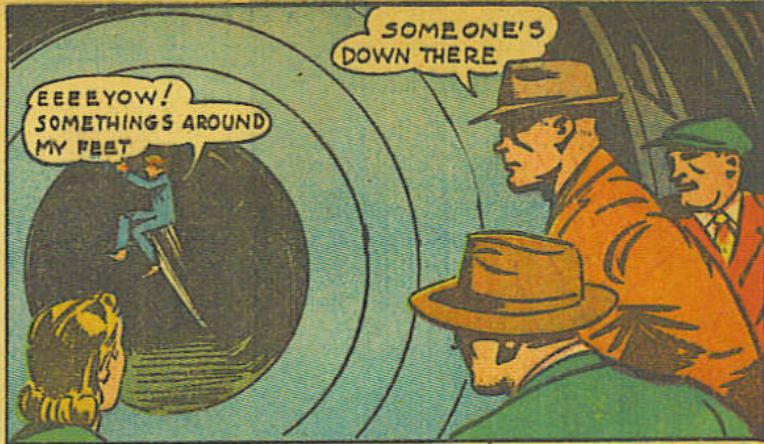
OH, NOTHING'S
WRONG. EXCEPT
YOU BROUGHT
BACK A PHONY
BILL IN THE
CHANGE. A
BAD TEN-SPOT.
LUCKY FOR ME
THAT I'VE BEEN
EXAMINING MY
DOUGH EVER
SINCE WE RAN
THAT YARN THE
OTHER DAY
ABOUT THE CITY
BEING FLOODED
WITH BUM BILLS







A FEW SECONDS LATER A RAT RUNS BETWEEN HAP'S FEET



EEEEYOW!
SOMETHINGS AROUND
MY FEET

SOMEONE'S
DOWN THERE



COME OUT
HERE OR WE'LL
BLAST YOU
OUT OF THE
SEWER

YOU COULD
BE MORE
POLITE A-
BOUT IT

WHAT'LL WE DO WITH HIM.
IT'S THAT FRESH KID WHO
SAW US COME
OUT OF
THE
STORE
WITH
THE
DAME

TIE HIM UP. WHEN
THE BOSS GETS BACK,
WE'LL GET RID OF HIM
AND THE GIRL AT THE
SAME TIME. WE CAN
DROWN 'EM BOTH AT
THE OTHER END OF
THE SEWER.

HOW COME THEY
KIDNAPPED YOU,
MISS?

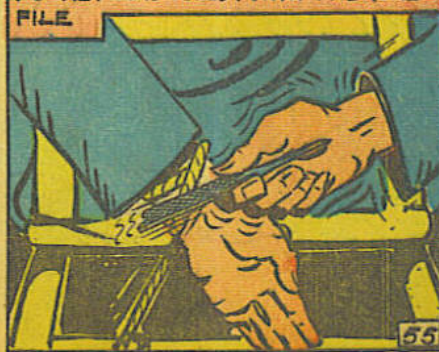
THEN HAP HAZARD IS BOUND AND PLACED WITH THE GIRL

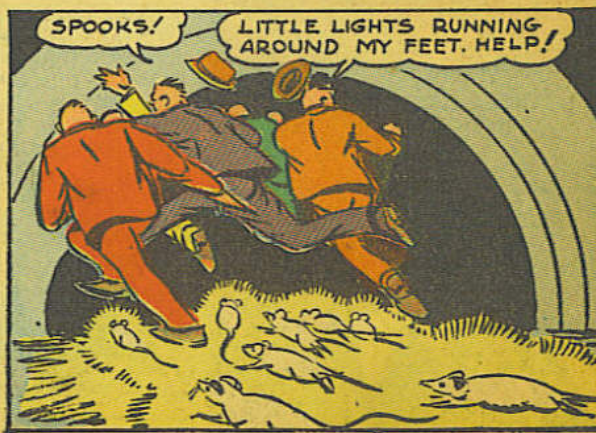
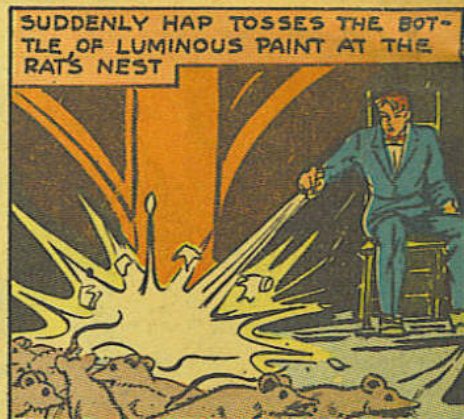


RIGHT AFTER YOU LEFT WITH
THE CIGARS I GOT SEVERAL
COMPLAINTS ABOUT GIVING
COUNTERFEIT MONEY IN THE
CHANGE. I WAS JUST A-
BOUT TO CALL THE POLICE
WHEN THOSE THUGS WALKED
IN

PSST! MISS, WE'VE GOT A
BREAK. I'VE MANAGED TO
WORK ONE
HAND INTO
MY POCKET

HAP FUMBLES THROUGH THE JUNK,
HE ALWAYS CARRIES IN HIS
POCKET AND PULLS FORTH A BROKEN
FILE





THEY RAN WAY DOWN THE TUNNEL BUT THEY'LL BE BACK IN A MINUTE WHEN THEY REALIZE WHAT IT WAS

THAT WAS A SWELL STUNT, HURRY AND LET'S GET OUT OF HERE



SWIFTLY, HAP AND THE GIRL GET TO THE MAN-HOLE THROUGH WHICH HAP ENTERED, AND CLIMB OUT

MISS, YOU RUN AND GET A C O P, NOW. I'LL KEEP THESE COUNTERFEITING RATS TRAPPED

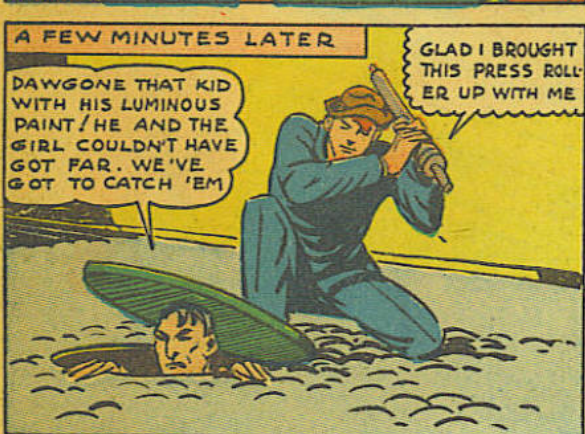
OKAY, BUT BE CAREFUL



A FEW MINUTES LATER

DAWGONE THAT KID WITH HIS LUMINOUS PAINT! HE AND THE GIRL COULDN'T HAVE GOT FAR. WE'VE GOT TO CATCH 'EM

GLAD I BROUGHT THIS PRESS ROLLER UP WITH ME



FIRST VICTIM



HAP REPEATS SEVERAL TIMES AND THE GIRL RETURNS WITH A POLKEMAN

WELL, FEATHER ME NEST, WHAT'S THE LAD DONE?

YOU'RE KIND OF LATE FOR THE FUN



YOU'RE THE SMARTEST, BRAVEST BOY I EVER MET

ULP!



COPY! COPY! HEY, HAP HAZARD, DON'T SIT AND MOON ALL DAY JUST BECAUSE YOU MADE A LUCKY CAPTURE OF A BUNCH OF PLUG-UGLIES!

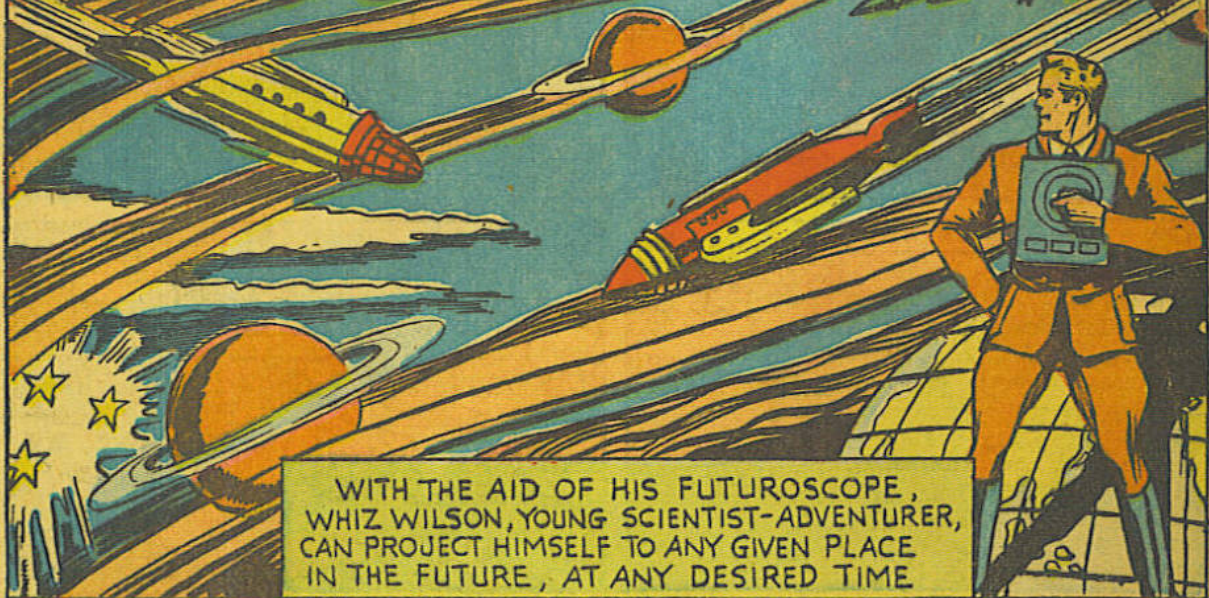


LATER THAT DAY IN THE OFFICE OF THE DAILY STAR



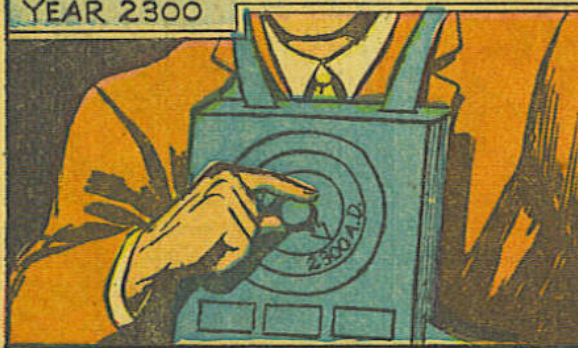
ANOTHER HILARIOUS AND EXCITING HAP HAZARD STORY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF LIGHTNING COMICS

Whiz WILSON

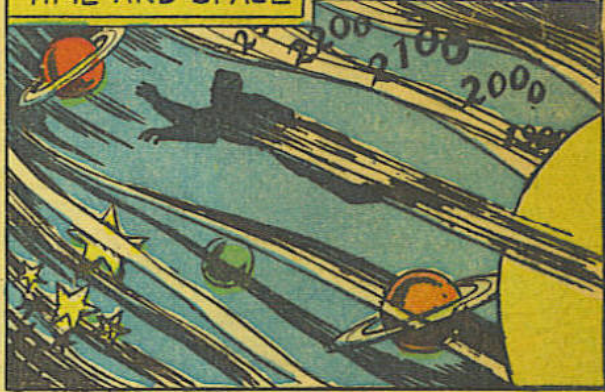


WITH THE AID OF HIS FUTUROSCOPE, WHIZ WILSON, YOUNG SCIENTIST-ADVENTURER, CAN PROJECT HIMSELF TO ANY GIVEN PLACE IN THE FUTURE, AT ANY DESIRED TIME.

ONE DAY WHIZ WILSON SETS THE DIALS OF HIS FUTUROSCOPE TO TAKE HIM TO THE PLANET MONGO, IN THE YEAR 2300.



WHIZ WILSON SPEEDS THROUGH TIME AND SPACE.



SO THIS IS WHAT THE PLANET OF MONGO IS LIKE. I WONDER WHAT KIND OF PEOPLE LIVE HERE.

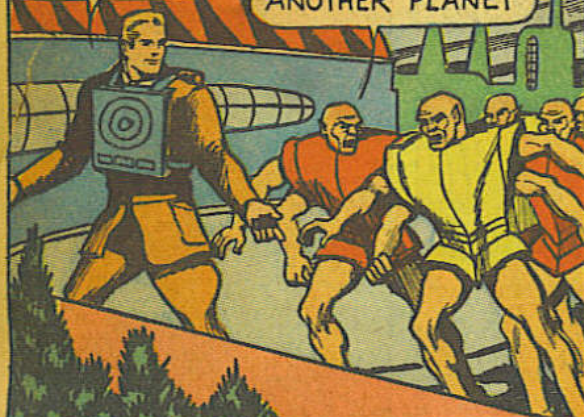


SUFFERIN' SNAILS!
SO THESE ARE THE MONGONIANS!



IT'S ALL RIGHT, FOLKS. I'M A FRIEND: I'M AN EARTHMAN

HE IS SO STRANGE. ONLY TWO ARMS! HE MUST BE AN ENEMY FROM ANOTHER PLANET



WHAT A TOUGH LOOKING BUNCH. MAYBE IF I DON'T SHOW ANY FEAR, THEY'LL BACK DOWN

LET'S CAPTURE HIM



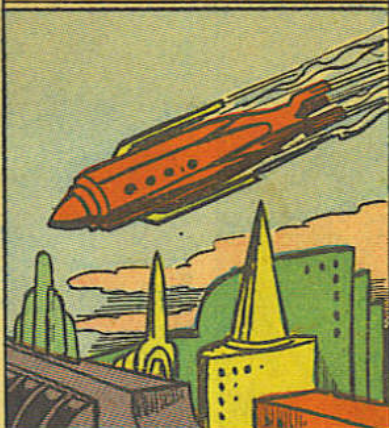
BUT THE NEXT INSTANT A STRANGE ROARING SOUND COMES FROM THE SKY

SOMETHING IS SPEEDING TOWARD US THROUGH SPACE

SOUNDS LIKE A WHOLE SQUADRON OF BOMBERS. BUT IT'S NOT NEAR ENOUGH TO MAKE OUT

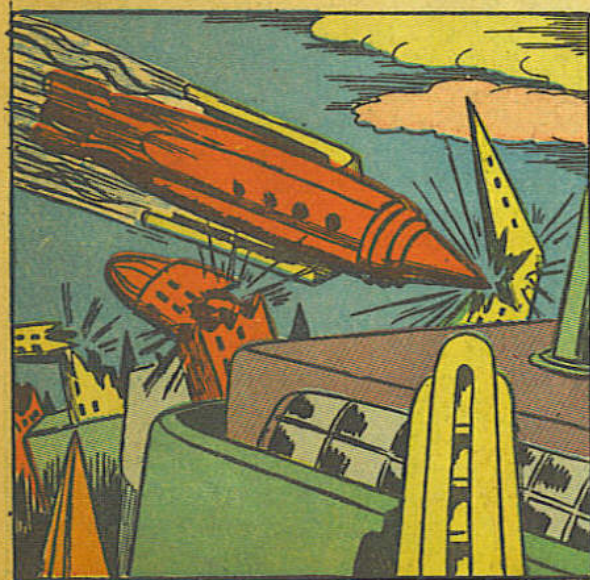


THEN THE SOUND ROARS NEARER AND A HUGE ROCKET-SHIP IS SEEN HURTLING TOWARD THE CITY



A STRANGE SPACE SHIP. IT'S GOING TO CRASH IN THE CITY. **RUN!**

WOW!



IT'S LANDED! WE'LL FIX THE DRIVER FOR RUINING OUR CITY LIKE THAT

WHAT A BIG ROCKET-SHIP. WHERE COULD IT HAVE COME FROM?



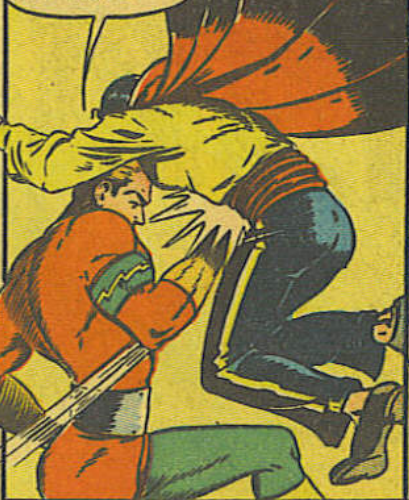


BUT **LIGHTNING** IS NOT KILLED BY THE BOLT. HIS OWN POWERS PROTECTED HIM FROM THE STREAK THAT WOULD HAVE KILLED A DOZEN ORDINARY MEN.

HE MUST BE IMMUNE TO LIGHTNING



LET'S SEE IF YOU'RE IMMUNE TO FISTS



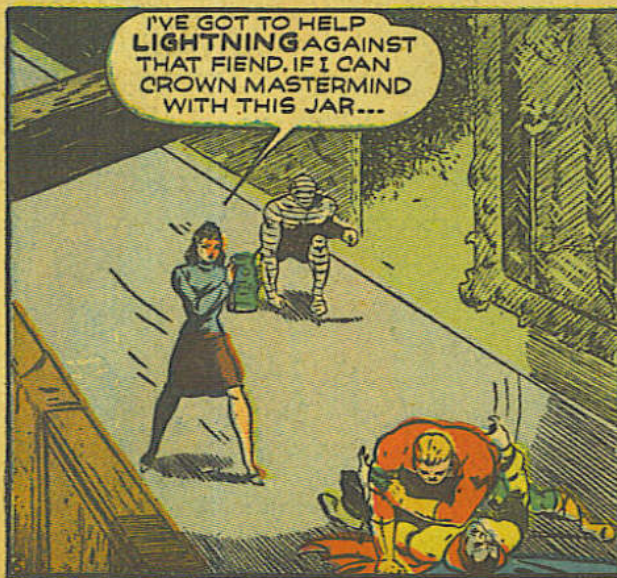
THIS IS MY CHANCE



THAT'S FOR SNEAKING UP BEHIND ME!

RECOVERED MASTERMIND AGAIN FLINGS HIMSELF AT **LIGHTNING**.

THIS TIME YOU GO DOWN!



I'VE GOT TO HELP **LIGHTNING** AGAINST THAT FIEND. IF I CAN CROWN MASTERMIND WITH THIS JAR...

BUT BEFORE ANY LANE CAN REACH THE COMBATANTS.



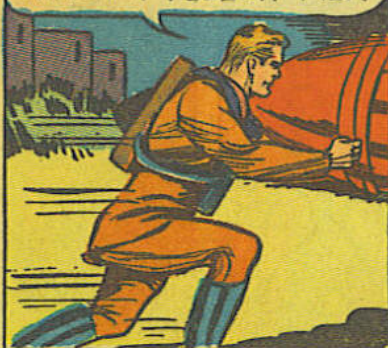
NOW MAYBE YOU'LL MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS

THEY ARE THE
ONES WHO
DROVE THE
SHIP. ATTACK
THEM !

WAIT !
WE
ARE
FRIENDS



THESE MONGONIANS
DON'T UNDERSTAND AND
I CAN SEE WHY THEY'D
BE MAD ABOUT THE SHIP
WRECKING THEIR CITY,
BUT I CAN'T LET THEM
KILL MY FELLOW MEN



WAIT ! THESE FOLKS
DIDN'T MEAN TO
DAMAGE YOUR CITY



BUT THE FOUR-ARMED GIANTS
REFUSE TO LISTEN

I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO BATTLE
MY WAY OUT OF THIS



THERE GOES ONE, BUT I'M
OUTNUMBERED. HAVE TO USE
MY MACHINE TO GET OUT OF
THIS JAM.



BEFORE WHIZ CAN
TOUCH HIS FUTUROSCOPE
FOR AN ESCAPE ---

WE'VE GOT
HIM



WE HAD BETTER
TAKE THEM TO
THE CITY PRISON.
THEY **MUST** BE
ENEMIES OF
OUR PLANET



I GUESS
THERE'S
NO USE
TRYING TO
EXPLAIN.
THEY JUST
WON'T
BELIEVE US

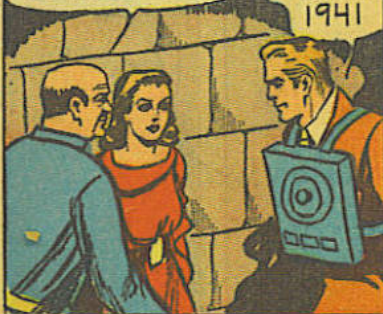
WHIZ AND THE
OTHER EARTHLINGS
ARE LED AWAY,
PRISONERS



IN THERE YOU GO UNTIL WE CAN TALK WITH THE EMPEROR AND DECIDE YOUR FATE



I'M PROFESSOR MORROW AND THIS IS MY DAUGHTER, ELLEN. WE WANT TO THANK YOU FOR TRYING TO HELP US



NOT AT ALL. I'M WHIZ WILSON FROM THE YEAR 1941

WHIZ EXPLAINS WHO HE IS AND HOW HE GOT THERE. AND THEN LISTENS TO THE PROFESSOR'S STORY

I JUST FINISHED MY NEW ROCKET-SHIP THIS MORN-ING AND MY DAUGHTER AND I WENT ON A TEST FLIGHT. BUT ONE OF THE CONTROLS BROKE AND WE CRASHED INTO THIS PLANET



I'M GOING TO TALK TO OUR GUARD AND EXPLAIN THAT IT WAS ALL AN ACCIDENT



SINCE YOU'VE EXPLAINED, I CAN UNDERSTAND, BUT MY PEOPLE THINK YOU ARE ADVANCE SCOUTS FROM AN ENEMY PLANET. UNLESS YOU CAN PROVE OTHERWISE, YOU WILL PROBABLY BE EXECUTED



GOSH!

EVEN IF WE GET OUT OF THIS PRISON AND GET TO THE ROCKET-SHIP WE CAN'T LEAVE THE PLANET. THE SHIP WON'T MOVE UNTIL I CAN REPLACE BROKEN PARTS WITH NEW ONES FROM MY LAB



I CAN GET TO YOUR LABORATORY, WITH MY FUTUROSCOPE. ARE THERE ANY POWERFUL WEAPONS THERE THAT I CAN BRING BACK, IN CASE WE HAVE TO USE FORCE TO GET OUT OF HERE?



YES, THERE IS A RAY-GUN THERE CAPABLE OF PARALYZING A WHOLE ARMY AT ONE TIME

THAT'S SWELL. I'LL GO GET THE GUN AND THE PARTS FOR THE ROCKET

THEN WHIZ SETS THE DIALS OF HIS FUTUROSCOPE FOR THE PROFESSOR'S LAB., AND ---

HE'S GONE!

A FEW SECONDS LATER--

WOW, WHAT A LABORATORY! WHAT THE SCIENTISTS OF MY TIME WOULDN'T GIVE TO GET LOOSE IN HERE

I'VE GOT THE PARTS FOR THE ROCKET-SHIP, AND THIS MUST BE THE GUN

WHIZ THEN HAS THE FUTUROSCOPE RETURN HIM TO PROFESSOR MORROW AND HIS DAUGHTER

HERE YOU ARE, SIR

ISN'T THAT MACHINE OF HIS WONDERFUL DAD?

ONE SHOT SHOULD BLAST THE WALL WIDE OPEN

BUT AS THE PROFESSOR AIMS AND SHOOTS THE RAY-GUN, ONLY A FAINT SPARK COMES FORTH

PROF. MORROW FIDDLES WITH THE RAY-GUN, BUT CANNOT MAKE IT WORK PROPERLY

SOMETHING'S WRONG. THE RAY-GUN HAS LOST ITS POWER

THAT PUTS US IN A NICE FIX

IT'S NO USE. THE ATMOSPHERIC CONDITIONS ON THIS PLANET HAVE MADE THE RAY-GUN USELESS. WE'RE SUNK

BUT AT THAT INSTANT THE PRISON IS ROCKED BY TERRIBLE BLASTS

WHAT IN BLAZES IS THAT?



WHIZ SETS HIS MACHINE TO TAKE HIM OUTSIDE, AND SEES ---

BOMBING BALLOONS FROM OUR ENEMY PLANET, ZANIA. WE'RE BEING ATTACKED

THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA



WHIZ HAS THE FUTUROSCOPE TAKE HIM BACK INSIDE THE PRISON, BUT ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE CELL

IF YOU WILL FREE THE PROFESSOR AND HIS DAUGHTER, WE WILL GET RID OF THOSE BALLOONS BOMBING THE CITY

I BELIEVE YOU. I'LL TAKE A CHANCE



C'MON, PROFESSOR. WE'RE GOING TO FIX UP YOUR ROCKET-SHIP



THANK GOODNESS WE'LL SOON BE TO THE SHIP

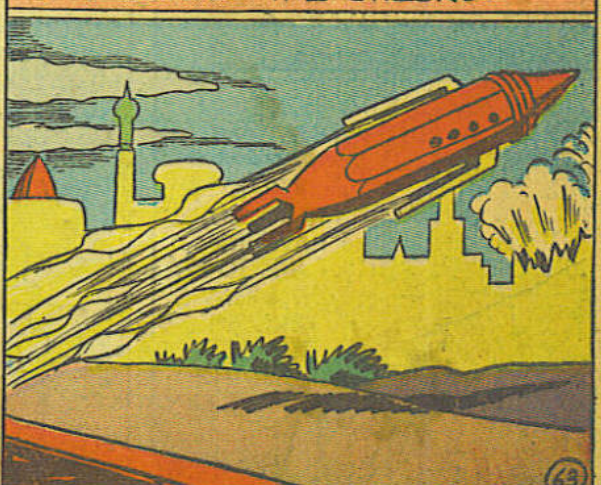


REACHING THE SHIP, PROF. MORROW HASTILY REPLACES THE BROKEN PARTS, THEN ---

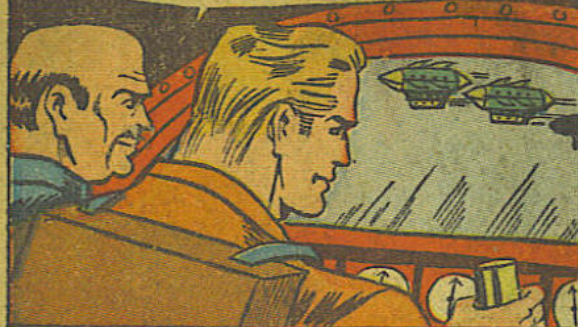
ALL SET, WHIZ. YOU PROMISED THE GUARD WE'D STOP THOSE BOMBING BALLOONS, SO LET'S GO. YOU STEER WHILE I OPERATE THE MOTORS



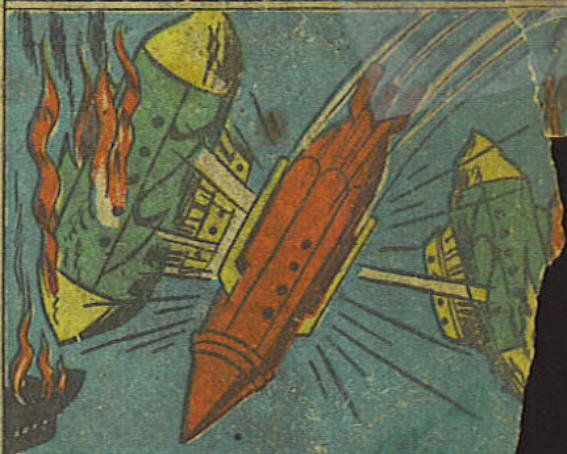
WITH A GREAT ROAR THE ROCKET-SHIP LEAVES THE GROUND



WE'RE UP HIGH ENOUGH NOW, WHIZ. STEER THE SHIP RIGHT THROUGH ALL THOSE BOMBING BALLOONS. IT WON'T HURT US. THE ROCKET'S MADE OF A SPECIAL METAL. THAT'S WHY IT DIDN'T WRECK WHEN WE CRASHED BEFORE



THE NEXT MINUTE THE GIANT ROCKET-SHIP GOES SLAMMING RIGHT INTO THE CENTER OF THE BALLOON FLEET



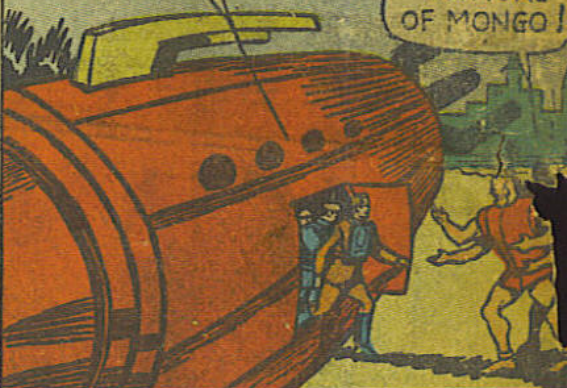
HOORAY! THE STRANGE ROCKET-SHIP HAS DESTROYED THE WHOLE ENEMY BALLOON CORPS



AS THE ROCKET-SHIP LANDS ---

I GUESS THEY REALIZE THAT WE ARE FRIENDS, NOW

WELCOME BACK TO THE SAVIORS OF MONGO!!



A LITTLE LATER, AFTER WHIZ AND HIS FRIENDS HAVE BEEN FETED BY THE HAPPY MONGONIANS ---

I'M GOING TO STAY HERE ON MONGO AWHILE, WHIZ, AND STUDY LIFE ON THE PLANET. WILL YOU STAY AND HELP ME OUT?



I'M AFRAID NOT, PROFESSOR. I HAVE TO RETURN TO MY OWN TIMES AND SEE HOW THINGS ARE GOING

WE SURE WOULD HAVE BEEN IN AN AWFUL JAM IF IT WASN'T FOR THAT FUTUROSCOPE OF YOURS, WHIZ

IT'S A SWELL LITTLE MACHINE, ALL RIGHT



THERE HE GOES, DAD. I HOPE WE MEET UP WITH HIM AGAIN SOME TIME

HE'S A GREAT BOY



READ WHIZ WILSON IN EVERY ISSUE OF LIGHTNING COMICS

AH! ACCORDING TO THE LABEL
THIS HYPO NEEDLE CONTAINS
PARALYZING FLUID. GOOD!



THE PARALYZING FLUID WORKS
INSTANTLY. LIGHTNING GOES
STIFF AS A BOARD. . . .

GOOD WORK,
MUMMY

HE SHOULD RE-
MAIN PARALYZED
FOR A COUPLE
OF HOURS AFTER
THAT SHOT I GAVE
HIM



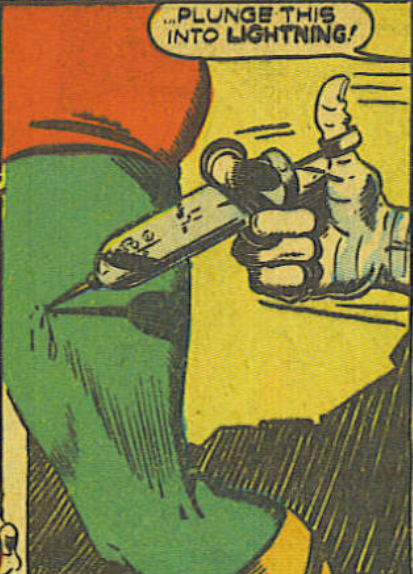
I DON'T NEED YOUR HELP TO
RULE THE WORLD. I SHALL DO
IT ALONE. ALL I WANT FROM
YOU IS YOUR RADIUM COATING.
SHOW ME HOW TO MAKE IT AT
ONCE, OR I WILL KILL YOU!



WHEN THE
RIGHT TIME
COMES, I'LL...



...PLUNGE THIS
INTO LIGHTNING!



STILL CONSCIOUS, BUT UNABLE
TO MOVE A LIMB, LIGHTNING
WATCHES. . . .

IF WE HAD BEEN USING
YOUR RADIUM-PROTECTIVE
COATING, MUMMY,
LIGHTNING WOULDN'T
HAVE BOTHERED
US AT ALL

I WILL
SHOW YOU
HOW TO USE
THE RADIUM ON
ONE CONDITION



THAT YOU SHOW ME HOW TO
GET THE POWER OF THE
LIGHTNING BOLT. THEN WE
SHALL BE PARTNERS AND
TOGETHER RULE THE
WORLD!

I DON'T BE
A FOOL!

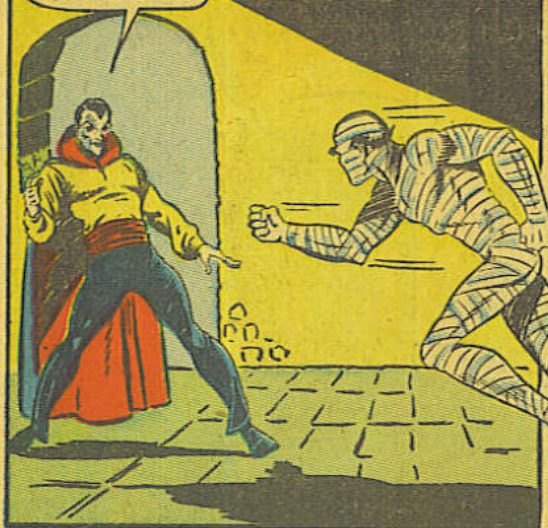


STAND BACK
AND DO AS
I SAY!

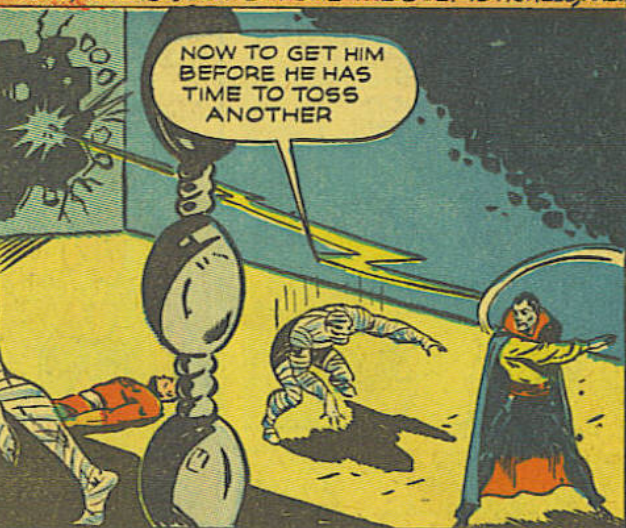
YOU DOUBLE-CROSSER!
MASTERMIND, HMMPH!
I'LL SHOW YOU
WHOS BOSS!



ALL RIGHT, YOU IDIOT,
HERE IT IS!

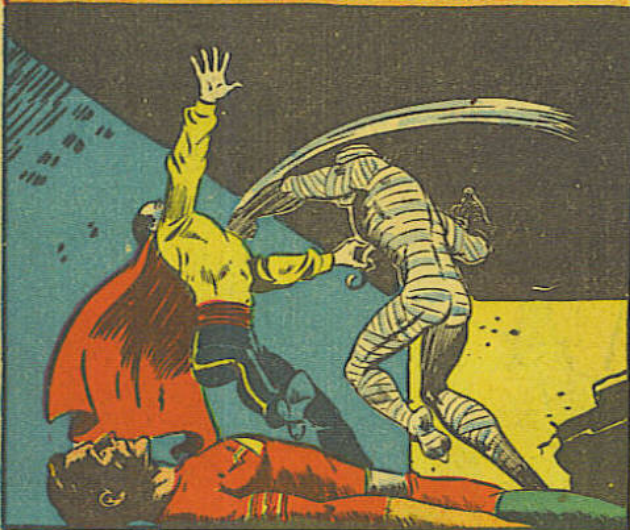


BUT THE MUMMY, WHO HAD ANTICIPATED THE
MOVE, DUCKS JUST BEFORE THE BOLT IS HURLED AND...



NOW TO GET HIM
BEFORE HE HAS
TIME TO TOSS
ANOTHER

AS LIGHTNING WATCHES, HELPLESSLY, THE TWO
SUPER-FIENDS BATTLE TO THE DEATH



THERE, DRAT YOU!



NOW IN A BLIND, UNTHINKING FURY,
MASTERMIND HURLS ANOTHER
BOLT AT THE FALLEN MUMMY?

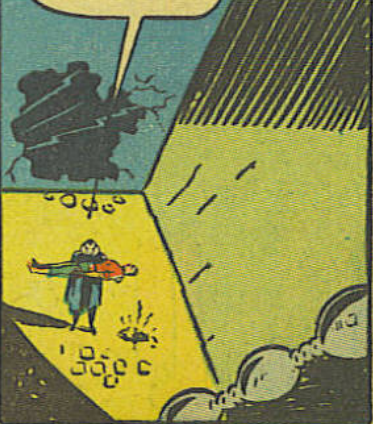


I DIDN'T
MISS THIS
TIME

WHAT HAVE I DONE? I'VE KILLED
THE MUMMY BEFORE I COULD
GET THE SECRET OF HIS
PROTECTIVE RADIUM COATING!
I MUST HAVE BEEN OUT OF MY
MIND! NOW I'LL NEVER GET
THAT PROTECTION



WHAT'S DONE IS DONE. I SHALL
CONTINUE MY WORK WITHOUT
THAT RADIUM COATING. I'LL
JUST HAVE TO BE CARE-
FUL NOT TO GIVE ANY
ONE A CHANCE TO
INJURE ME



MASTERMIND TIGHTLY BINDS
LIGHTNING AND THE GIRL...

I'LL TAKE CARE OF THESE
TWO LATER, RIGHT
NOW I HAVE
WORK TO DO



YOU NOW HAVE AN EVEN
MORE IMPORTANT PROBLEM
OF DEFENSE, GENTLEMEN!

HOW DARE
YOU, SIR?
WHAT...



THE SCENE SHIFTS TO WASH-
INGTON, D.C. TO A BUILDING
WHERE A MEETING OF HIGH
ARMY OFFICIALS IS BEING
HELD.

GENTLEMEN, WE MUST RUSH
THE DEFENSE PROGRAM.
ONLY TODAY I HEARD A
CONFIDENTIAL REPORT
THAT...

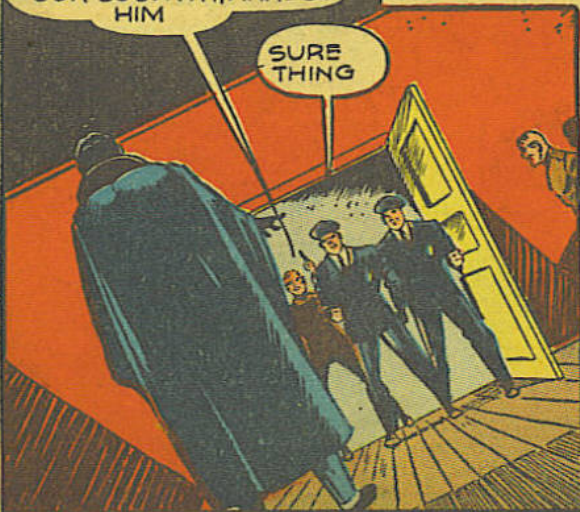


I'LL STATE MY BUSINESS, I
WANT THE GOVERNMENT
TO PAY ME \$1,000,000,
AT ONCE, OR I WILL HIRE
MYSELF OUT TO A FOREIGN
DICTATOR, CLEAN UP THE
EUROPEAN WAR AND
THEN ATTACK AMERICA



THAT CRAZY TRAITOR IS
MAKING THREATS AGAINST
OUR COUNTRY, ARREST
HIM

SURE
THING



WHAT-
WHAT'S
THAT?

GOOD
GOSH!



THIS IS RIDICULOUS, I'LL
GET THE GUARD AND
HAVE THIS MANIAC
REMOVED

YOU'D
BETTER
NOT



DON'T TRY TO
GIVE US ANY
TROUBLE,
YOU

ALL RIGHT
GENTLEMEN,
NOW I SHALL PROVE
TO YOU THAT I AM
AS DANGEROUS AS
I SAY

